



COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

Rousing Success

THE visit to Hongkong of the Secretary of State for the Colonies has been a rousing success. We say that not because Mr Lennox-Boyd has been so generous in his approval of the Colony's activities in the fields of industry, commerce, administration, public health, education and social services, but because of the deep and genuine interest which the Secretary of State has displayed in our community life and welfare.

Both Mr Lennox-Boyd and his charming wife have captivated people of all classes wherever they have moved in Hongkong during the week. There has been nothing superficial in their inspection of the complicated machinery which keeps this Colony so vitally alive. All sections of the community have been left with the feeling that the Secretary of State is imbued with a full and sympathetic understanding of our manifold problems.

WE have no doubt that the last five days have been fruitful ones for Mr Lennox-Boyd; that he was able to gain, visually and through his meetings with civic leaders, industrialists, social welfare workers, and unofficial members of Council, a finely drawn picture of Hongkong's anxieties, aspirations and achievements. We would be asking far too much to expect the Secretary of State to return home accepting without question our ideas of how current domestic problems should be solved. Nevertheless, he has probably obtained a new perspective of Hongkong—its position in the colonial empire and its vast importance as a "show window" of the British way of life in the Far East.

Mr Lennox-Boyd still has before him a strenuous tour, with matters of considerable import demanding his attention in Singapore and Malaya. Hongkong's claims to any special consideration could, as a result, not unfairly fade into the background. But somehow, we do not think they will. Whatever its defects, Hongkong is functioning in a positive manner, and its claims for Colonial Office sympathy and consideration are modest. The conviction is that, in consequence of Mr Lennox-Boyd's visit, these will be more readily forthcoming in the future.

# TERROR GRIPS RED CHINA

## New Purge Is Under Way AIMED AT THE MIDDLE-CLASS

From RUSSELL SPURR

**London, July 29.**  
After a three weeks 3,500-mile tour of Communist China, I am in a position to report that the country is gripped with terror. A new purge campaign aimed at the educated middle-class makes suspect every thought and word.

Thousands have already been whisked away by the dread secret police. Thousands more live under the threat of imminent arrest.

In every big city of China, doctors, teachers, bureaucrats, even Communist Party officials are being closely examined for "counter-revolutionary tendencies."

They are being urged to confess—or denounce someone else.

"Don't try to hide traitors" they are told, "or you'll be held equally guilty."

The purge is backed by all the power and organisation of the totalitarian state. The Communist Party press and police are whipping up a 1934-style witch-hunt.

I saw posters magically appear all over China depicting plotters lighting bombs under newly-built factories.

I read newspaper articles lauding out at "the insidious schemers who have infiltrated every branch of government."

A young Party worker in Hankow frankly told me "traitors are everywhere. Thousands will have to be liquidated."

The cartoonists concentrate on barbed-wired Hu Feng, a leading Communist author. He is described as the leader of a giant anti-government conspiracy.

The exact nature of his alleged crimes are still unknown. Indeed he hasn't yet stood trial. But already Hu Feng is branded traitor — his confession will fill in the facts.

**MAYOR ARRESTED**  
Pan Han-pien, acting Mayor of Shanghai is also under arrest. He too is condemned in advance.

His fall 10 days ago was the signal for a "terror" drive throughout the city.

The Shanghai "Liberation Daily" urged its readers to sift the thoughts of their friends

### Strikers Picket Sawmills

**Georgetown, July 29.**  
Riot-squad cars patrolled the lumber producing areas here today as hundreds of striking lumbermen defied emergency regulations and picketed six sawmills.

The three-day old strike was set off when a big British government-owned timber company withdrew recognition from the Sawmill and Forest Workers Union after the Union had called a four-lightning strike within the past eight months. — France-Press.

### Earth-Satellites Launching Project

## FIRST SMALL STEP TOWARDS TRAVELLING TO THE MOON

### China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:  
P. 5: "Flight to Glory," last instalment by Graham Wallace.  
P. 6: The Royal doctor comes to Wingate's rescue: another chapter from "Gideon Goes to War," by Leonard Mosley.  
P. 7: A Did it Happen? story by Robert Mac-Dermot.  
P. 8: A Face shines through the Iron Curtain by J.P.W. Mallieu, MP.  
Joan Harrison writes on what the "summers" wives talked about in Geneva.  
P. 13: Rene MacColl's first report on his second trip to Russia;  
P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

### Frustrated Man's Homicide

**Singapore, July 29.**  
Frustrated by his first wife re-marriage in India on a false presumption that he was dead, Sikh watchman murdered his second wife when he found her in bed here with another man.

The Defence Council for Dwan Singh, 34, explained this to the High Court before it found Singh guilty of the lesser charge of homicide not amounting to murder and sentenced him to one year's imprisonment.

Counsel said that Singh was buried alive for three hours during the Japanese bombing of Singapore in 1942. When the news reached India his first wife re-married on the wrong presumption that he was dead.

A British medical practitioner, Dr. C. B. Wilson, told the Court it must be a terrifying experience for a man to be buried alive for three hours.

To a man whose first wife had left him and married another man, Dr. Wilson added, "It must have been another terrible shock when Dewan Singh saw his second wife in bed with another man."

The Prosecutor said that Dewan Singh gave himself up to a Police station after fatally stabbing the man he found in bed with his wife. — United Press.

### ALL RESCUED

**Wiesbaden, July 29.**  
A US Air Force C-47 went down in the Mediterranean on Friday but all of its 18 passengers and crew were rescued. US Air Force European headquarters said on Friday night. — Associated Press.

For Smoother Riding!

**MARFAK Lubrication**

London, July 29.  
Professor A. M. Low, famous British scientist, said tonight that the United States plan to launch small unmanned earth circling satellites was "the first small step" towards travelling to the moon.

"But it will still be a very long time before we can do that," he said.

The American project would be tremendously important in forecasting weather conditions and for television and it would have "possible wartime uses."

The satellites in war could be used for "observation," he said. There was also the possibility finally of "real attack" from them but in this direction the plan was only a child's step.

Professor Low thought it would still be half a century before men could be placed on the satellites.

On the question of weather forecasts, he said: "If we can get enough weather forecasts from many places and high up enough we could gather reports for a long way ahead. That is a valuable commercial problem."

So far as television was concerned, he said that through satellites it might be possible for a TV station to cover a quarter of the earth with one transmission.

Welcoming the news, he said: "I take my hat off to the Americans." — Reuters.

### THE PLANNERS

**Washington, July 29.**  
Five eminent scientists from three countries—the United States, Britain and Belgium—have been responsible for much of the planning behind the project to launch earth-circling satellites.

These are the men:

United States: Dr. David W. Brinck, President of the United States National Academy of Sciences. An outstanding physiologist and biophysicist, he holds honorary doctorates from more than a dozen universities in Europe and America, served as an American government adviser and will be a member of the American delegation to the international conference on peaceful uses of atomic energy in Geneva next month.

Dr. Alan T. Waterman, Director of the United Nations Science Foundation. He has conducted important research in several scientific fields.

Dr. Joseph Kaplan, chairman of the United States National Committee for the International Geophysical Year. He is internationally known for his interest in the upper atmosphere and the laboratory production of upper atmosphere spectra.

**OXFORD SCIENTIST**

Britain: Dr. Sydney Chapman of Queen's College, Oxford. He has been described as "the world's most distinguished geophysicist," has acted as scientific adviser to the British government and is now President of the International Committee for the International Geophysical Year.

Belgium: Dr. Marcel Nicolai, Secretary of the special committee for the International Geophysical Year. A theoretical physicist and professor of geophysics at the University Libre of Brussels, he is an assistant to the Director of the Institute Royal Meteorologique of Belgium. — Reuters.

### GIRLS REVOLT

**Bruges, July 29.**  
Police were called in today to break up a revolt of teen-age girls delinquents at the "Institute for re-education here."

The girls, all less than 18 years old, barricaded themselves in a dormitory and destroyed all its furnishings.

Girls are sent to the institute following trial before a children's court. — France-Press.

## Turncoat GIs Arrested

After Reunion With Relatives

**San Francisco, July 29.**  
Three American former prisoners of war, who chose to stay in Communist China after the Korean truce, returned here today and were immediately arrested by Army authorities.

The three, William Covart, Otto Bell and Lewis Griggs, told the Chinese after two years that after all they wanted to go home. Passports were issued and they crossed to Hongkong where they boarded the American liner President Cleveland, which brought them to San Francisco.

The three had 90 minutes of reunion with their relatives which the liner docked. Then within minutes after they had cleared customs with their charge.

He left behind a sobbing wife and five children who learned his true identity only after his arrest on May 18.

Athans, deserted from the Army on December 7, 1944, while serving a five-year sentence at Fort Knox, Kentucky, for being absent without leave for the third time.

He worked as a farm labourer for a year and then settled in Levant, New York, where he took the name of Joseph Trainer and carried a cargo of kerosene to China when she was seized "in waters under United States control," the agency said.

The released members of the crew were flown from Formosa to Hongkong on Tuesday. Measures are being taken to effect the release of the remainder of the crew. This added. — Reuters.

Athans, who was drafted into service from Buffalo, New York, declined to say how he was finally traced and arrested. — United Press.

### TUAPSE CREW IN CANTON

**Moscow, July 29.**  
The Soviet news agency Tass announced today that 29 of the crew of the tanker Tuapse seized by the Chinese Communists and held in Formosa since June last year arrived in Canton on Wednesday.

The tanker, subject of a number of Soviet notes to the United States and requests from the Soviet Red Cross to the Swedish Red Cross, was carrying a cargo of kerosene to China when she was seized "in waters under United States control," the agency said.

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### Fate In The Balance

**Calcutta, July 29.**  
The fate of the 45,000 inhabitants of the world's biggest river island, Majuli, was unknown today after communications were cut off when the rising Brahmaputra river flooded the island.

The 500 square mile island is in the State of Assam, Northeast India.

Elsewhere in Assam, a stampeding herd of cattle trampled a boy to death and an elephant died of starvation in the flood-stricken area.

In the state of Bihar, seven persons were drowned when their boat capsized on the flooded river.

In north Bengal, over 1,000 families were encircled by rising waters and another 500 families were evacuated to safer zones. — France-Press.

### Spore Strike Decision

**Singapore, July 29.**  
Ten thousand City Council workers decided to strike next Wednesday after efforts by Labour Ministry officials and employers for a settlement of their demands failed on Friday.

Workers engaged in street cleaning, sewage disposal, electricity and water supply services made twelve demands, covering higher wages, better conditions, more vacation and pay. For the period they were on strike last year.

The City Council finance and general purposes committee, while agreeing to most of the men's demands, have refused to grant them strike pay. — Associated Press.

### HK, Claim

**London, July 29.**  
A 28-year-old British soldier now serving in Hongkong has written to his parents here that he has discovered deposits of a metal there which he claims is invaluable in creating light alloys.

He is Lance-Corporal William Bruce Harris and he had been studying geology as a hobby before he went to Hongkong three years ago.

The deposits of the metal—beryllium—he mentioned in a letter which said: "at last my hobby of picking up bits of rock has been of some use."

"I have found a metal which they say is called beryllium and which they say is valuable."

He did not say in his letter where he had found the deposits of the metal—China. Mail Special.

### Valuable Metal Discovery In HK, Claim

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### Thirst for Knowledge

**Souvenir between boiling-point and freezing-point lies cooling-point.**

Mr. Fahrenheit has charted the first two, but the last as far as we know, has never been defined. The only effective test is to take a long cold glass of Rose's

cannot be measured in Fahrenheit or Centigrade—only in Rose's

—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

Tonic Water



**MARFAK Lubrication**



**ROSE'S Lime juice**  
—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

## KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, AT 2.30, 5.30,  
7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

## SHOWING TO-DAY



## EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.30 a.m.  
Full-length Technicolor  
Cartoon  
"JOHNNY, THE GIANT  
KILLER"  
Reduced Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.  
M-G-M Presents  
Technicolor Cartoons  
"TOM & JERRY"  
Etc. Etc.

## NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

CAUSEWAY BAY, TEL: 78721 KOWLOON, TEL: 55500

## SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

A Japanese Picture with English Subtitles  
Color by Eastman Color  
A Daiei Production

## "THE GATE OF HELL"

Winner of the Grand Prix at  
the 1954 International Film  
Festival at Cannes

## 2 ACADEMY AWARDS

"Best Foreign Film" "Best Color Costume  
Design"

Starring Kazuo Hasegawa \* Machiko Kyō

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: Universal Technicolor Cartoons

GREAT WORLD: M-G-M Technicolor Cartoons

## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

## SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

20th Century-Fox Proudly presents

ERROL FLYNN  
JOANNE DRU  
PETER FINCHADDED ATTRACTION! CinemaScope Short Subject  
"SORCERER'S APPRENTICE" Color by DeLuxe.ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow.  
Extra Performance of "THE DARK AVENGER" at 12 NoonTO-NIGHT at 8.00 p.m.  
GREAT WALL DRAMA GROUP presents

## "THUNDERSTORM"

An all stars cast — Mandarin Drama  
Admissions: \$8.90, \$6., \$4.70, \$3.00  
& \$1.70 tax incl.

## CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30  
& 9.30 P.M.Outlaws... Living by the Law...  
Of the jungle!5 SHOWS  
TO-DAY

At 12.30, 2.30, 5.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

MODERN TIMES

## FILMS Current &amp; Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

## The New Films At A Glance

## SHOWING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Paleface". A re-issue of a comedy western with Bob Hope as a timid prairie flower and Jane Russell as his fearless protector. HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Jupiter's Darling". Two armies wall while Hannibal dallies under the walls of Rome with a Roman maiden. Howard Keel, Esther Williams and Marge and Gower Champion. NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Gate of Hell". A Japanese tragedy, beautifully photographed.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Down Three Dark Streets". An FBI man finds the common denominator in three different crime cases. Broderick Crawford, Ruth Roman and Martha Hyer.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Dark Avenger". Errol Flynn, as Edward the Black Prince, indulges in some sword-play in defence of Joanne Dru. Peter Finch meets the death reserved for actors who support well-known stars.

## COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Marie Antoinette". A re-issue with Norma Shearer, Robert Morley and Tyrone Power that induces nostalgia for the days when Shearer was Queen of the Screen. KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Man from Bitter Ridge". A western. Lex Barker, Mara Corday and Stephen McNally. "Casanova Brown". Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright romance together.

"Run For Cover". A sheriff with a past tries repeatedly and profitlessly to reform a young range wastrel. James Cagney and John Derek.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Up to His Neck". Ronald Shiner against a Royal Navy background. Many of the gags seem to have been lost at sea. QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Duel in the Sun". A good son, a bad son and a half Indian girl in some love scenes that have taken their inspiration from the desert sunsets. Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, and Gregory Peck.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Hansel and Gretel".

His household when he marries his fiancee, Miss Helen. Luke, hearing that the girl has been carried off by Jesse, draws his own conclusions and never, in his arrogance, doubting that she has gone against her will, shoots Jesse for poaching on his preserves. Knowing this, in spite of her love for him, Jesse has only affection in his mind for her, the girl sets off on her rendezvous with one thought in her simple mind: to kill Luke before he can have a second shot at Jesse.

Things don't go according to plan and the lovers die in each other's arms, covered with blood from the gunshot wounds they have inflicted on each other with the dust that contributed to the title it earned. Held among the cinema-going public, and with sweat from the struggle to crawl towards each other grasping their last words of love.

Flynn Swashes  
And Buckles

The publicity for "The Dark Avenger" advertises the acrobatic swashbuckler as "the devil-may-care". Errol Flynn you're always admired". At least it's honest. Run through the pictures that Flynn has made in the past, crystallise your feelings about them and you'll need no further advice from me as to the merits and demerits of "The Dark Avenger".

For admirers of Peter Finch, however, the decision may be a little more difficult. As the engaging crinoline in "The Detective", bullying Elizabeth Taylor in "Elephant Walk" or being the sympathetic priest in "The Heart of the Matter"—in all these, he had, by screen mandarin, fairly adult roles and he brought a different approach to them that stamped him as a competent actor with an unusual charm who would probably develop into a film star far above the ordinary. In "The Dark Avenger", he too swashbuckles.

The story purports to be a piece of history carved from the Hundred Years' War, with Errol Flynn left behind in France by his father, King Edward II to rule Aquitaine, recently won from the French.

In spite of a temporary truce between England and France, there are, very naturally, more than a few people in Aquitaine who feel that far from being liberators, their cousins from across the sea are aggressors. One can hardly blame them—the two terms sometimes get a little mixed even today.

Peter Finch has been cast as the villain of the piece—a French nobleman who, rather unfairly I feel, meets his doom in defence of his strategy of inciting the English to break the truce.

The last scene in "Duel in the Sun" has often received adverse criticism and quite a storm raged over it at the time the film was first shown. To me it was quite a logical outcome of the stormy, hole-in-the-corner love affair between an ignorant half-breed girl and the wild son of the ranch owner on whose land she had been brought up.

The controversial scene is played out against a barren desert background. Jennifer Jones is riding alone on a two-day journey to meet her lover, the scapgegrace son of Lionel Barrymore. Forced to hide away across the Mexican border because of having shot his more peaceful, law-abiding brother, Gregory Peck, has arrogantly sent his hanger-on to tell the girl that if, as the dialogue ingeniously has it, she wants to kiss him goodbye, he will wait for her in a lonely place up in the hills.

What he doesn't know is that during one of his long absences, brother Jesse has come along and won her lifelong devotion by offering to send her to school, to teach her to be a lady (he denies this state as being able to dance and indulge in small talk) and to take her into the hills.

Although the King's and Princesses are following their usual policy of showing the same pictures, it will be as well to watch their advertisements during next week, as the Princess will be showing films for three days while the King's have a Chinese stage show, and the arrangement will be reversed when the stage show has finished at the King's.

## Watch The Ads

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

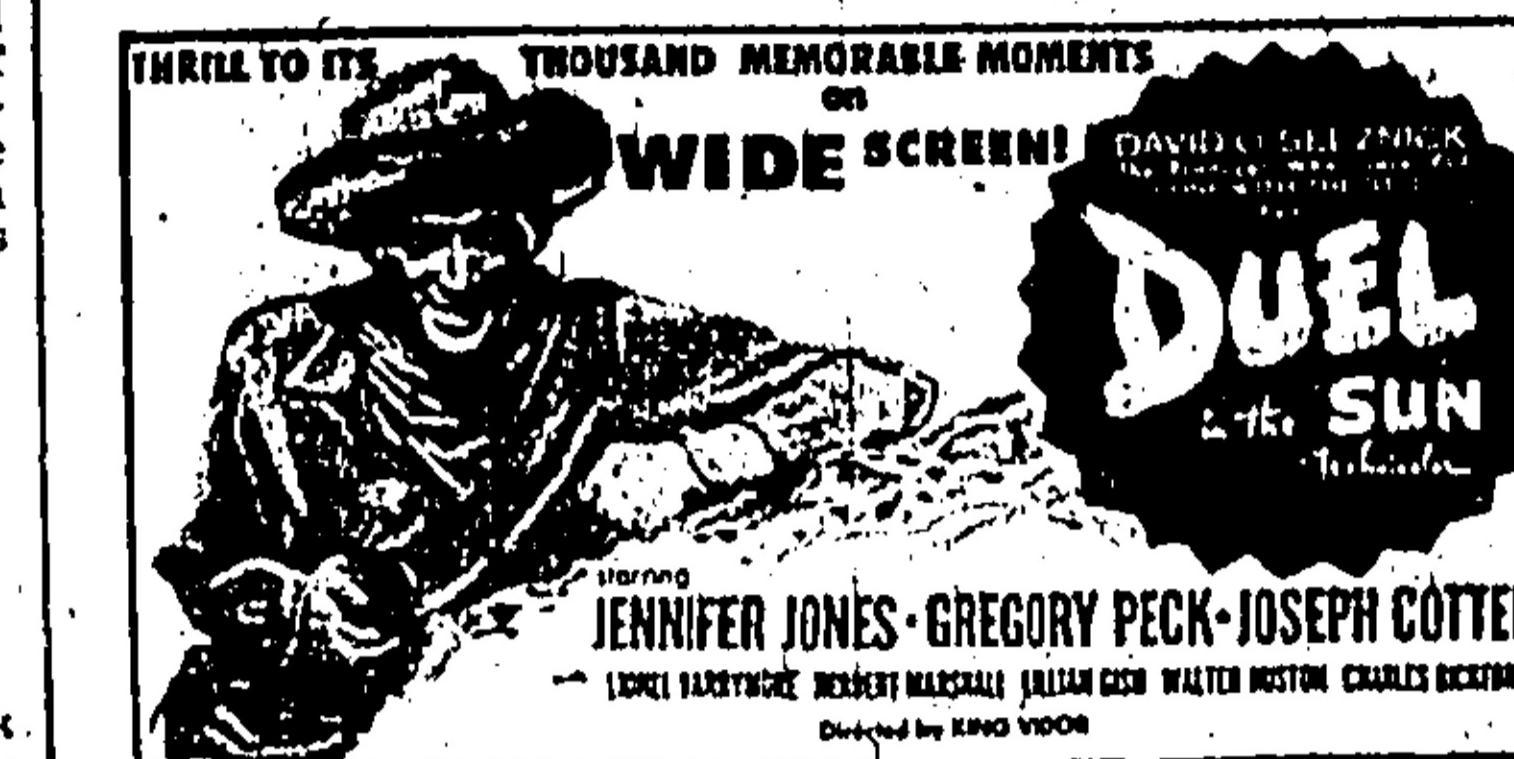
MON. 5.15, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M. TUE. 6.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

## SHOWING TO-DAY

BRODERICK CRAWFORD  
RUTH ROMAN

ADDED ! ATTRACTION ! MARCIANO-COCKELL FIGHT

## NEXT CHANGE



## ALHAMBRA

TOMORROW AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

WB's presents CLYDE BEATTY &amp; MICKEY SPILLANE

"RING OF FEAR"

In CinemaScope &amp; Warner Color

REDUCED PRICES: \$1.50, \$1.00 &amp; 70 Cts.

## HOOVER : LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY, TEL: 72371 KOWLOON, TEL: 5033

## OPENING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 p.m.

BIGGEST OF ALL  
M-G-M'S

## CINEMASCOPE

MUSICALS.

Love battles!  
Aquatic Thrills!  
Dancing Champion!  
Painted  
Elephants!ALL  
FAIRLY COLORJUPITER'S  
DARLING  
ESTHER WILLIAMS · HOWARD KEEL  
MARGE AND GOWER CHAMPION  
GEORGE SANDERSRICHARD HAYDN WILLIAM DEMAREST  
AN M-G-M PICTURE

Based on the Play "Road to Ruin" by ROBERT E. SHAW

Songs: BURT LANE &amp; HAROLD ADAMSON. Photography by HENRY PHILLIPS. Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY. Produced by GEORGE WELLS

Perspective Stereophonic Sound

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

HOOVER: 12.00 1st Matinee LIBERTY: 12.30

SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30  
& 9.30 P.M.

4-Track Stereophonic Sound — Wide Screen

ORIENTAL AIR CONDITIONED

10th Anniversary Show

Fred Astaire · Caron

Daddy Long Legs

Special Matinee Show for Holidays Daily at 12.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW: William Holden in "THE MOON IS BLUE"

MONDAY: TECHNICOLOR CARTOON PROGRAMME

## KOWLOON RESTAURANT

AIR CONDITIONED

Famous Chinese &amp; European Food

DINE, WINE &amp; DANCE NIGHTLY

MISS JULIE &amp; HER ORCHESTRA

221D-E Nathan Rd., Kowloon Tel: 57171

Please note that our telephone number will

be changed to 62988 from 31st July 1955

10th Anniversary Show

## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

**SHE USES LIPSTICK IN THE JUNGLE**

London.  
Michael Denis, a stormy blonde who is known as "The White Goddess" to some African tribes, pointed to the wall of her living room and said she would like to display the head of Ernest Hemingway from it.

"And every other big game hunter who collects the heads of lions, tigers, deer and so on," she scowled. "Do you know why they kill? Because they feel the need to assert their virility. Hemingway and the others must have a terrible sense of insecurity to have to kill animals."

I feared for the Nobel Prize winner and his taunting friends if they had appeared at that moment. Mrs. Denis once thirty illustrations lay over a coffee-table for making eyes at her husband, Armand Denis, who hunts the wild beasts of the jungle armed with a camera alone.

**A Witch Too**

She has been on seven safaris to the wildest parts of our world and is believed to be the world's best "Mutanga" or bad witch, with certain powers possessed by these sorceresses of the Okavango tribe of Africa.

Although these powers are supposed to be used only for good, Mrs. Denis would gladly throw them into reverse against big game hunters.

In her apartment cluttered with native mucks, African and Australian curios and an assortment of live pets the Denises are preparing for the first safari sponsored by commercial television. They leave in about three weeks for a long swing through Africa, sending back film of their real-life adventures.

A vast array of cosmetics is going with her.

**Helps Morale**

"Safaris are now popular with American women, I know," she said, "so tell them to make themselves up in the jungle as though they were on Broadway or Hollywood Boulevard. I always wear lipstick, eyebrow pencil, and even eye shadow. It keeps up the morale of the safari, protects the skin and the natives simply love it." Mrs. Denis, a handsome lady in her early thirties, met Denis while she was in South Africa getting ideas for fashion design.

Since then life has been so hectic she has put her exploits into a best-seller called "Leopard In My Lap" which will be published in the United States in September. Among other things she doubled for Deborah Kerr in the African sequences in "King Solomon's Mines."

People are the same the world over, Mrs. Denis believes. She once showed a pinup of Marilyn Monroe to a native deep in the heart of Africa. What did he do?

"He gave a wolf whistle—the same one you can hear on Piccadilly any night," she said.

**Men Live in Fear**

One of her most interesting experiences was a visit to a village of the Asango-Mcno tribe in the Belgian Congo. In this village the women had the menfolk completely subjugated. It developed that some time earlier one of the wives had given a big party for other wives while her husband, she said, was away on a trip. Then another wife gave a party unannouncing her husband was also on a trip. Their third wife gave a party and so on.

The District Officer eventually discovered that the men had not gone on trips at all. They had been killed and served up on the main dish at the parties given by their wives. Authorities immediately stamped out the practice but the surviving men, said Mrs. Denis, still live in fear.

"If I get up, she said casually: "If you're going to the bathroom don't be afraid of the mercant. It's only a species of MongOOSE."—United Press.

**'Nyet'—So They Went West**

Berlin.  
Love might be the West's how secret cold war weapon. Two Soviet officers who defected to the West said they fled because the Red Army would not let them marry their German girl friends. They brought the girls with them.—United Press.

**From London: Ghosts Being Used To Attract Tourists.****From Moscow: Cads Caught Catching Carp Without 'Filos'.****From Greece:****From Jo'burg:**

A Famous Actress Will Play Hamlet Dressed In Slacks.

How South Africans Hear 'Big Ben' Before Londoners.

**You Need The Voice And The Stamina To Be A Wagner Star**

London.  
A young Wagnerian singer who has just become a Covent Garden star is today far more worried about building up her figure—and her stamina—than improving her voice.

For the points out that a Wagnerian heroine has got to face the prospect sooner or later of a five-hour ordeal on the stage.

Miss Harshaw, a large and handsome Englewood, New Jersey housewife, has just convinced British opera critics that she is in the great tradition of Wagnerian heroines. This took courage as well as talent and artistry for last year the same critics were a bit cool.

"I had to force myself to come back for another try," she said, "and now I am glad I did. They were so wonderful to me. I feel it was worth all the hard work I put into the roles."

**So, Potato Dumplings**

"You were a pitcher in college, Jim! If they gave that young rookie \$50,000 to sign, why don't you practise up?"

**Not Marlowe, Not Bacon But SHAKESPEARE WROTE HIS OWN PLAYS**

London.  
Dr Leslie Hotson has come up with the interesting, if unfashionable, theory that the works of William Shakespeare were written by William Shakespeare.

Many will disagree with him, American critic Calvin Hoffman is in Britain to open an ancient tomb which, he says, will help prove his argument that Christopher Marlowe really wrote the plays and sonnets Shakespeare gets credit for.

And the Bacon Society is further creating a stir with demands that in any film based on a Shakespeare play screen credit be given to Sir Francis Bacon, who is the society's candidate for Shakespeare's laurels.

Another guest was a "tall very fat" Russian, Grigori Michulin. He was an envoy of the Czar Boris Goudonov, and a fat-hatted wonder around the court. Dr. Hotson has picked out several references to the Czar's ambassador in "Twelfth Night."

Royal Command  
Half a dozen other Elizabethans are being put forth by scholars as the true authors of the masterpieces which the world has attributed to the man from Stratford-on-Avon.

But Dr. Hotson has come up with a prodigious piece of research on the play "Twelfth Night" and he considers that no one but Shakespeare himself could have written it.

What's more, Dr. Hotson is convinced that Shakespeare wrote "Twelfth Night" quickly and under pressure. Peering over his shoulder, so to speak, was Queen Elizabeth herself.

"Twelfth Night," as Dr. Hotson sees it, could not have been written by some hidden genius and attributed to Shakespeare by accident. He believes it was a fast, high-pressure job commissioned on the Queen's orders to satisfy the needs of a special occasion of court.

Dr. Hotson went to Italian, German, Russian and English archives in search of documents that would help him reconstruct the circumstances under which the famous comedy was written and performed. He tells the results in a new book he titled "The First Night of Twelfth Night."

The play had its world première before the Queen, her courtiers and distinguished

**WEIGHTY PROBLEM**

Saldanha Bay, Cape.  
It took Mr. A. Lombard, a keen fisherman, longer to weigh a 105 lb skate six ft long and four and one-half ft broad, than it took him to catch it while fishing off the Government Jetty in Saldanha Bay.

Mr. Lombard cast his 25 lb nylon line and within a few minutes he had a bite. He knew it was "something big" and after a 10-minute battle landed the skate.

Then he wanted to weigh it but his scales were only good for 24-pounds. Undaunted, he proceeded to cut up the giant skate into 10 pieces and finally arrived at the figure of 105 lbs.

A little later he caught another skate, even larger than the first. But a friendly fisherman arrived with competent scales and he did not have to go through all the trouble again. The second skate weighed 105 lbs.—Reuter.

**Actress To Play Hamlet In Slacks!**

Epidavros, Greece.  
Judith Anderson, the famous classical actress, announced she is going to play Hamlet dressed as a man. Miss Anderson is 57.

"Sex is no problem," she said. She will play Shakespeare's most difficult male role in a pair of slacks.

"Hamlet is possessed by a desire to revenge his father's death," Miss Anderson said. "His love scenes with Ophelia are primarily ones of refection."

Miss Anderson, who is at present visiting Greece, said she wanted to do Hamlet stripped of all historical costumes and flourish.

**Simple Settings**

"I see it as something direct and uncluttered, with plain elevations, simple settings and colours largely black to white with grey and cream tones to between.

The lighting will leave the stage partially in darkness, and illuminate actors from the waist upward.

"Costumes will be slightly different from normal clothes, but not costumish," she said.

As Hamlet, she would wear slacks probably. And no tights.

Miss Anderson, who owns a ranch at Santa Barbara, California, is Australian-born and retains her British citizenship.

The blonde actress has won many awards and has wanted to do Hamlet for a long time.

"But now I think I am ready for it," she said. "It has taken possession of me."—United Press.

**Two Million Beggars Less In India**

New Delhi.  
There are about half a million beggars and vagrants in India with a population of 300,000,000 people.

This is a "deep fall" in their numbers from that in 1911, when there were 2,500,000 beggars, according to official figures released here.

But the fall in number of beggars in relation to population is still steeper; the number having fallen to less than a seventh of the former figure between 1911-31.

In proportion to population, India had 0.14 per cent beggars in 1931 as against 0.40 per cent, 0.88 per cent and 1.02 per cent in 1931, 1921 and 1911 respectively.—Reuter.

**Shave Sir? In A Female Voice**

Berlin.  
In a few years if you go to the barbers in Berlin you'll probably get a haircut from a woman.

"Less than 10 per cent of the students at barbers school now are men. The rest are women," United Press.

**COME TO BRITAIN**

(Says The Travel Ads)

**AND SEE A GHOST**

London.  
Tourism is big business so you can't blame Britain for marshalling all its resources to attract overseas visitors. The competition is tough. France claims its belle cuisine is out of this world. Italy boasts that its shines and sunshine can't be beaten.

So Britain is about to promote an attraction that is really out of this world. It is ghosts!

When it comes to apparitions of one sort and another Britain reigns supreme. There is scarcely an old tavern, manor house or castle without a cowed monk, transparent white lady or cavalier with his head tucked underneath his arm.

Not long ago it occurred to the British Travel and Holiday Association that here was a possible lure to tempt more tourists. They could be offered, if they wished, a journey to one of these bewitched mansions to derive a little eerie titillation from moans, howls, and clanking chains.

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Note Change of Times

ON OUR NEW STEREO SCREEN

**LIVING ABROAD HAS ITS ADVANTAGES!**

Johannesburg.

Six thousand miles from London, England, Johannesburg radio listeners tuned to the BBC, to hear "Big Ben" strike the hour almost a second earlier than a Londoner standing in Parliament Square right beneath the clock tower.

The reason is that radio waves travel faster than sound waves. The speed of radio waves is about 180,000 miles a second, against sound waves which travel at about 700 miles an hour.

The microphone in "Big Ben" is suspended from a 14-foot bell, and when the hand of the strike mechanism passes the mouth of the bell, it causes the bell to vibrate.

The sound waves travel to someone standing below in the street.—Reuter.

Sunday Morning Show

At 12.30 P.M.

THE BLAST FROM 20,000 FEET

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**Daddy Long Legs**

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Cartoonist

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Editor

Artist

Photographer

Illustrator

Cartoonist

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Editor

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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL

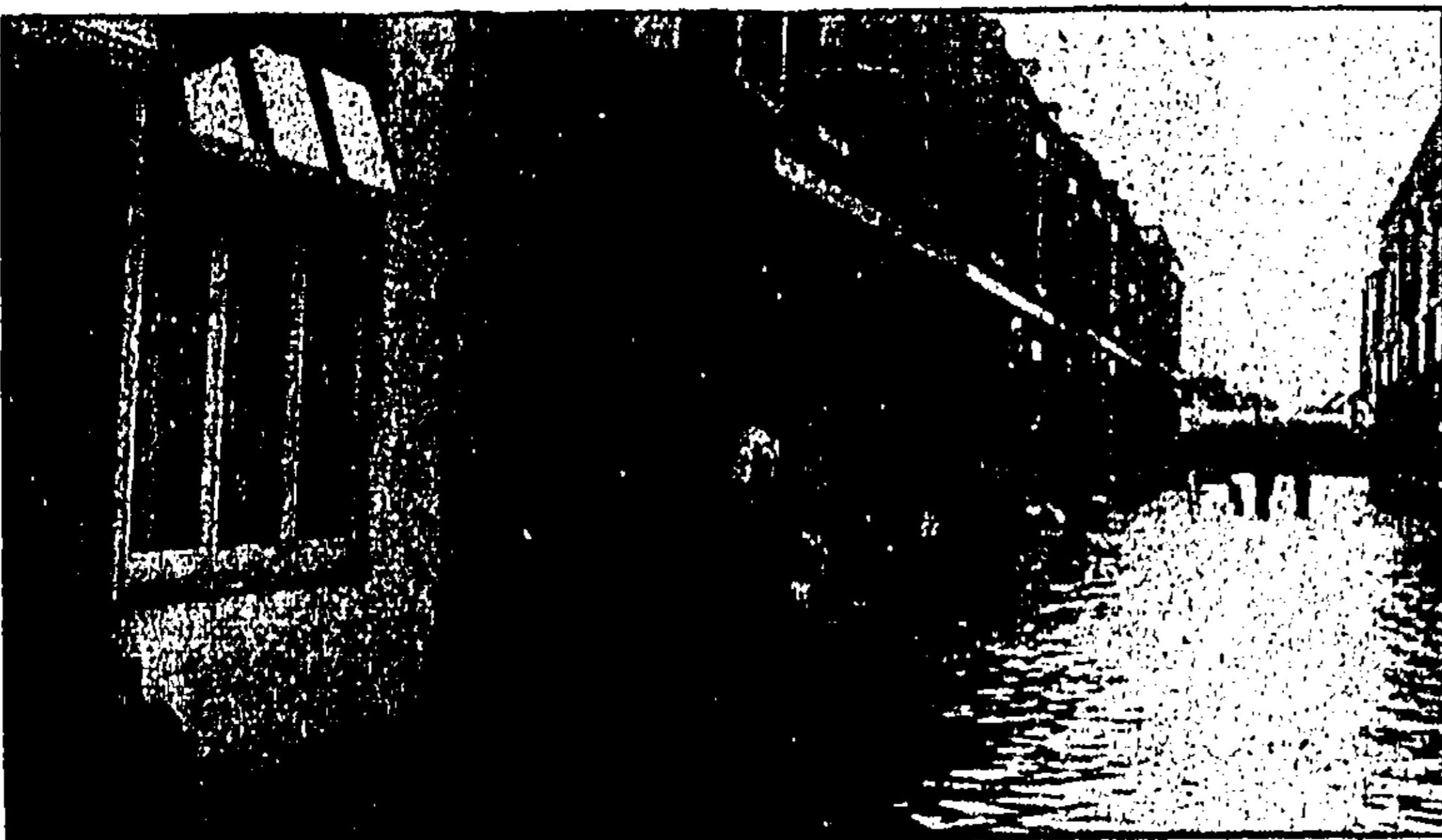


PUTTING the finishing touches on his work at East Church, Kent, is sculptor Hilary Stratton. The statue will mark the first home of British aviation in the 15th century village. It was here that in 1909 the Admiralty sent a small group of men who later became the nucleus of the Royal Naval Air Service. (Express)



SMILES from Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh for some of the guests at the recent garden party at Buckingham Palace. (Express)

LEFT: Mrs Phyllis Sispera home again from Czechoslovakia—and at the door of his Suffolk cottage to greet her is her father, who had waited anxiously for her return after her nine years' imprisonment. The tiny Suffolk town where she was born turned out en masse to welcome her and her three children. (Express)



THE citizens of Weymouth, in Devon, could go boating down the main street after a series of violent cloudbursts sent the nearby River Wey over its banks. Hundreds were made homeless. (Express)

BELOW: Six days a week the garage behind Mrs Pat Gibell's home in Rotherham, Yorkshire, houses a car and a van, but on Sunday she wheels them out and holds a Sunday school class there. (Express)



HER MAJESTY the Queen Mother, accompanied by HRH Air Chief Commandant the Duchess of Gloucester, on her visit to the RAF Station, Hawkinge, Kent. Burmese officers in training line the route to the WRAF quarters.



ATTRACTIVE 16-year-old Iris Pollakova, who was elected "Girl of the Year" by the Soho Visual Arts Club, demonstrating the Can-Can, which was one of the features of the recent Soho Fair. (Express)



MR Barnett Janner, Socialist M.P. for West Leicester, shows the knife that startled the House of Commons. He had asked the Home Secretary if he would stop the import, manufacture and sale of flick-knives being carried by teenage gangs. When Mr Janner flashed the weapon in the chamber, Members shouted "Oh" and "Order." The Speaker intervened. (Express)



SAUCY ballet star Alexandra Danilova has made a hit with London audiences with her impersonation of a come-hither French tightrope walker in a ballet entitled "Mile Fifi" at the Royal Festival Hall. In the ballet she is loved by a father and son, Michael Maule, seen with her here, plays the younger man. (Express)



By Ernie Bushmiller

**BLACK MAGIC**  
ASSORTED  
CHOCOLATES

## Andrew Makes History

by  
JOHN MCKENNA

London.  
"RICHARD Henry Andrew," reports Socialist Anurin Bevan's magazine, Tribune, solemnly, "has driven his ambulance ship through the Bridlington Agreement."

No. Richard Henry Andrew is not a trick circus rider.

But his feat, even when you have untangled Tribune's metaphor, is not the less surprising.

Ambulance driver Andrew has made trade union history—history which may have a startling effect on trade union organisation, not only in Britain but through the Commonwealth as well.

Oddly, the headlines have passed him by.

But his story is this:

He belonged to the Confederation of Health Service Employees. One day, he decided that the CHISE wasn't doing the kind of job he expected from his trade union. He joined the National Union of Public Employees.

★ ★ ★

The Confederation fumed. The Trades Union Congress decided that the move was a contravention of the "Bridlington" agreement—the agreement which officially bars "poaching."

So the NUPE was ordered to hand Andrew back to the Confederation.

Andrew took the case to court.

The judge, Mr Justice Wilson, ruled that Andrew couldn't be pushed around like that, and granted him an injunction restraining the NUPE from expelling him.

In other words, the trade union agreement by which a man becomes the "property" of a given union and no other union is allowed to accept him has been declared at variance with the law—at least in this particular case.

It is just this point which led to the long, costly, frustrating, dock strike. Some dockers got tired of the late Arthur Deakin's Transport and General Workers Union.

Another union took them on. But under pressure from the TG & WU, which screamed "poaching," the dock employers wouldn't recognise the rebels.

As unions grow ever bigger, more impersonal, remote and complicated, the situation will crop up with an ever-growing frequency.

Either men will rebel and join or form a new union when their minor grievances are passed over as too small to merit the attention of an industrial giant in the union business, or flare-ups in the form of unofficial strikes will fill the gap.

★ ★ ★

As long as the "Bridlington Agreement" can be upheld, the gluts can keep the troops in order.

But it looks as though its days may be numbered—and courts elsewhere are equally likely to hold that British justice and the principle that a man can be held as a "chattel" by a trade union are not compatible.

As Tribune concluded: "How many trade union quarrels in the courts must there be before the unions realise that no one has the right to treat a man like a chattel slave?"

## SEARCH FOR HITLER MONEY

From Ian Lawson

Berlin. THE officials administering the property left by Hitler are determined to prevent his relatives from getting anything, and the West Berlin Senate have decided on a plan that will thwart their efforts.

A search for the cash believed to have been left by the dictator in banks under assumed names is now feverishly going on, but so far only a few millions have been uncovered.

The biggest mystery is what has happened to the royalties from "Mein Kampf" and other books and published speeches.

And Berlin is in a special class. Its de-Nazification court

must know the exact amount of the estate.

The plan follows a Supreme Court ruling that Berchtesgaden, Hitler's Bavarian retreat, shall become a death cult, officially establishing it as his last official residence.

However, all de-Nazification courts have been dissolved in Western Germany and they cannot be re-established. This means that Hitler can never be classed as a Nazi in Western Germany and his relatives can immediately lay claim to the estate.

The biggest mystery is what has happened to the royalties from "Mein Kampf" and other books and published speeches.

And Berlin is in a special class. Its de-Nazification court

remains open until December 31, and the city Senate has power to pass a special law prolonging it.

All political parties agree this shall be done.

The court will then declare Hitler a Nazi and a major offender. And a fine fixed at the exact amount of Hitler's estate will then be announced.

Estimates of the estate have varied between £12,000,000 and £37,000,000, and many relatives have already made claims. They include his sister, the parents of Eva Braun, who was married to the No. 1 Nazi during the siege of Berlin, Eva's uncle and Hitler's photographs.

away and lowered himself on to the port wing. The snow glistened on his body in a shroud of ice while he clung to a strut and fumbled in his pockets for a knife.

Heart pounded

HIS crippled leg slipped on the icy surface and the wind tore at his clothing as he grimly inchéd his way towards the engine. With the propeller only a few inches from his body and the exhaust roaring in his face, he managed to clip the ice off the gauges and clear the air intakes.

The exertion made him pant and gasp for air, his heart pounded with the altitude, and the great surge of icy air that he breathed in burned his throat and lungs with cold.

Not once, but six times he forced himself on to the wings while Alcock fought to keep the Vimy on an even keel, knowing that a single jolt would send

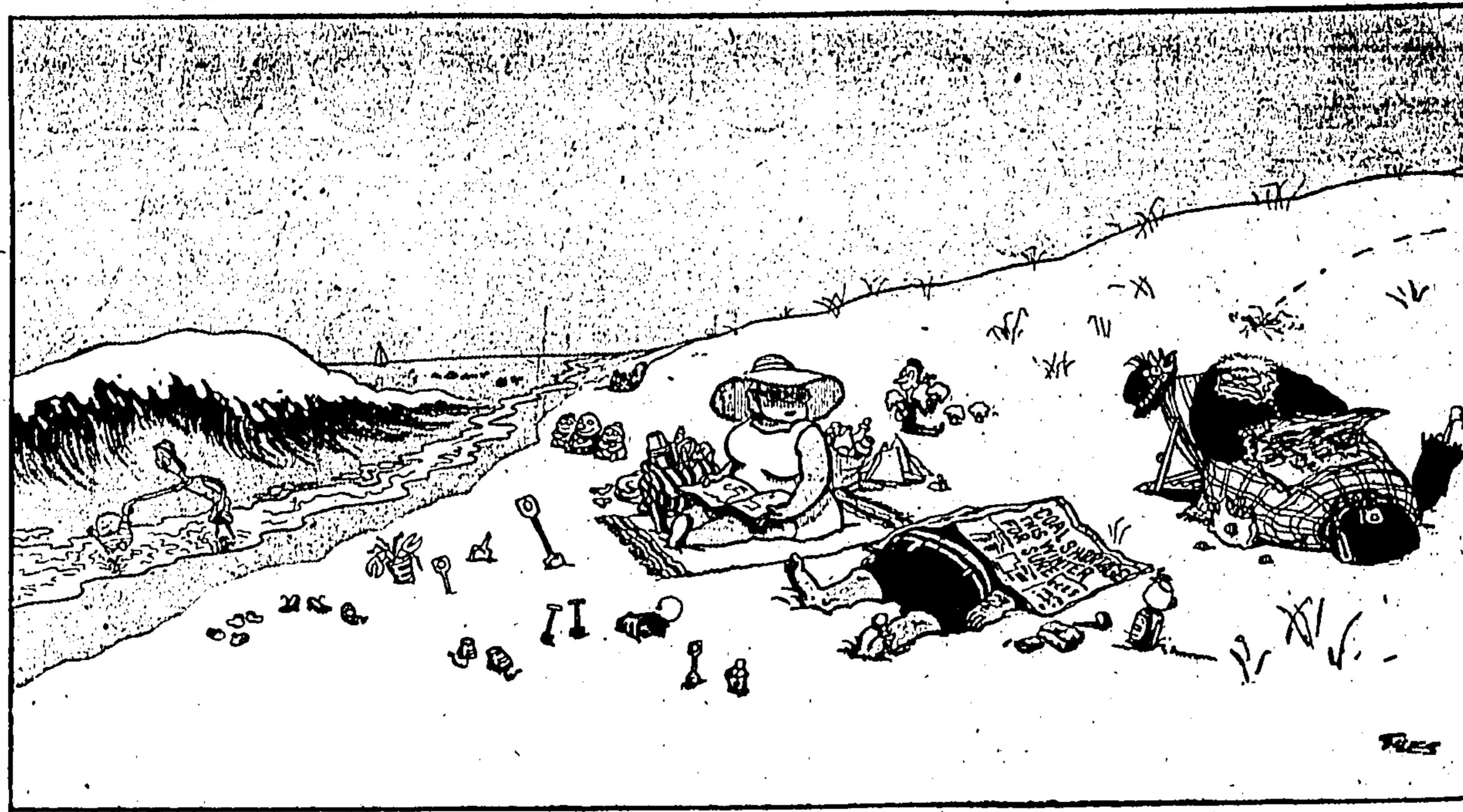
them over—they had flown from Newfoundland to Ireland in 15 hours and 57 minutes, at an average speed of 118 m.p.h.

It was typical of Alcock and Brown to remember the team of faithful mechanics left in Newfoundland. They cabled at once: "Your hard work and splendid efforts have been amply rewarded. We did not let you down."

Their flight caused a tremendous sensation at the time. Thousands turned out to greet them all along their route from Ireland to London. Hysterical crowds flocked to welcome them at Euston and escort them in triumph through the streets.

Both were knighted by King George V, and Winston Churchill, then Secretary of State for War presented them with the Daily Mail's cheque for £10,000 of a luncheon given in their honour at the Savoy.

Alcock was killed in December 1919, when he crashed while flying in a new amphibious aircraft in France. Brown never died alone. He married Kathleen Kennedy and quickly resumed his work as an



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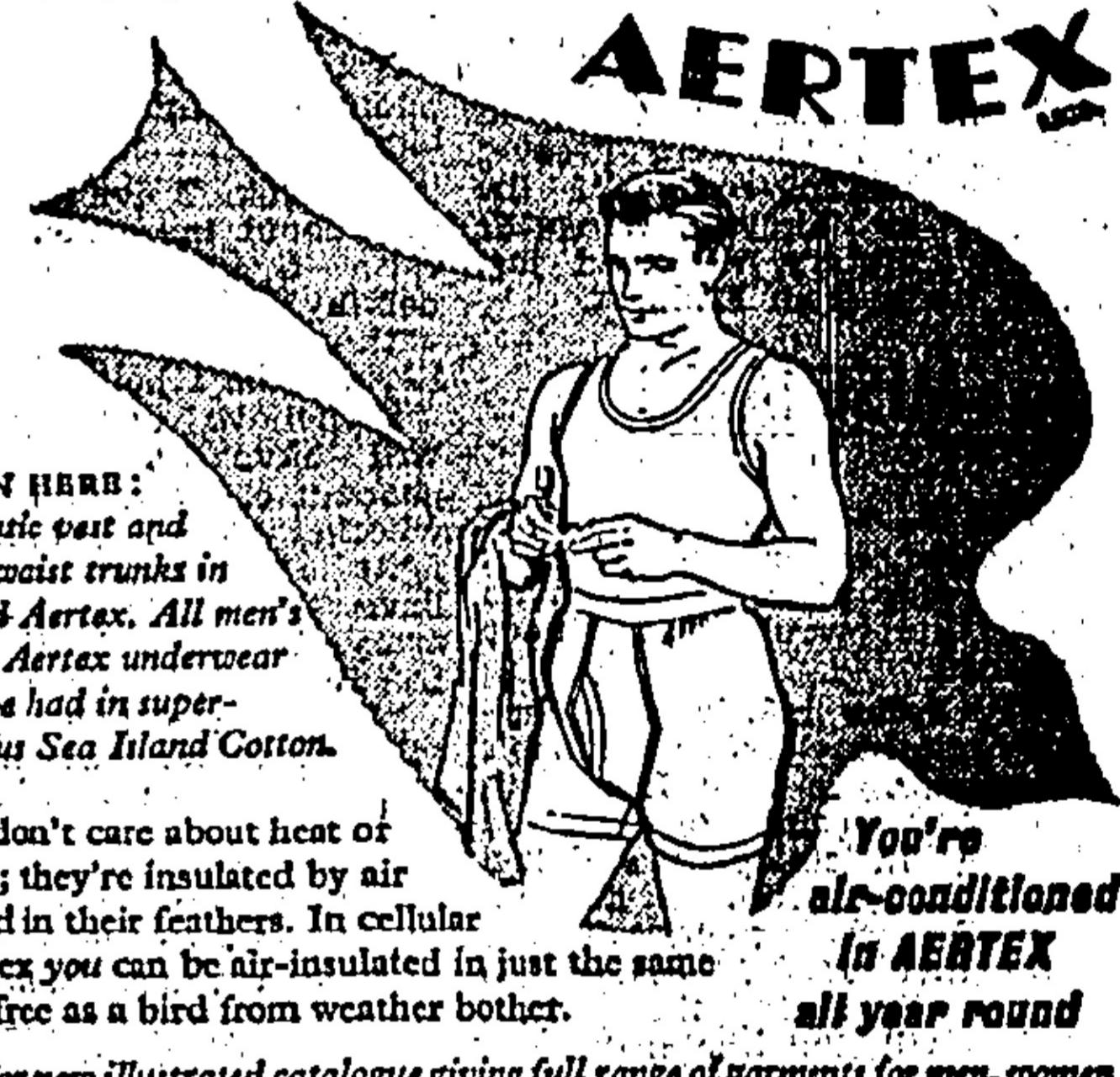
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# THE ROYAL DOCTOR COMES TO WINGATE'S RESCUE

**I**N the summer of 1941 an agent of the Palestine Jews working at G.H.Q., Middle East Forces, sent a message to the Jewish Agency in Jerusalem. It said: "Ya Hedi is gravely ill, and may die. Please inform Weizmann and Sherstok."

**Y**a Hedi (Hebrew for "The Friend") was Wingate's code-name in the Jewish secret army.

Almost immediately Sherstok (now Moshe Sharett, Prime Minister of Israel) appeared in Cairo and went to the 15th General Hospital, where Wingate was a patient after trying to kill himself by cutting his throat. Sherstok took with him a friend from Wingate's earlier days in Palestine, a young Italian Jew named Sireni, who subsequently parachuted into Italy for the Allies and died in Dachau.

Sherstok and his companion found Wingate propped up in bed, his throat swathed in bandages. They were greeted in the waiting-room of the hospital by Akavia, Wingate's Jewish secretary, who had just flown north from Ethiopia.

## MISERABLE

**A**KAVIA was extremely distressed, and repeatedly said: "If only my plane had been on time this would not have happened."

They spoke briefly to Chapman-Andrews (now Britain's ambassador to the Lebanon), who had campaigned with Wingate in Ethiopia, and had helped to get him to hospital after the catastrophe at the Continental Hotel. "How is Colonel Wingate?" they asked. "You will find him in a very bad state," Chapman-Andrews replied.

He was understating. Wingate had never looked more low and

**HE WAS A WRECK, A FAILURE. THEY  
THOUGHT HIS CAREER WAS FINISHED.  
AND THEN SUDDENLY HE FOUND THE  
PATH THAT WAS TO LEAD HIM TO GLORY**

by  
**LEONARD MOSLEY**

Sherstok informed him that, so far as anyone in Cairo knew, Wingate had fallen in his hotel and injured himself.

"Nonsense. It is not true. I took a knife and cut my throat. I intended to kill myself, and I should be dead now if someone had not heard me groaning and broken down the door."

He beckoned Sherstok to come nearer. "Do you see what sort of a man I am? I try to kill myself—and I do not even make a good job of it. If you still want me as the leader of your army, remember this!"

## IN DESPAIR

**I**T was the beginning of the blackest period of Wingate's life. For the next few months he was to live in the pit of despair, wallowing in not unjustified self-pity at his situation.

It would be an exaggeration to say that many people at G. H. Q., Middle East Forces, were appalled at his situation, and there were some to whom it represented a good excuse for celebration. The upstart soldier from the bush who had dared to criticise them had proved not only weak but incompetently weak. He had made such a clumsy job of his suicide attempt that it must be admitted, even to himself, that he was a wreck.

Many times I had talked with Wingate about suicide. In the

Sudan and Ethiopia. He knew I had been a correspondent in Germany until the outbreak of war and asked me many questions about conditions in concentration camps. I told him, "But why don't they commit suicide?" he asked, and when I replied that this was not so simple if you had neither belt nor braces, knives nor spoons, and were low in physical health, he was contemptuous.

"You don't need weapons to kill yourself with," he said. He lifted up his arm and brought it to his mouth. "All you need to do is bite through your veins and bleed to death."

Now here he was, that most pathetic and pitiable of all characters, a failed suicide. He had botched the most desperate decision of his life, and become an object of derision to his enemies and a figure of doubt to his friends.

## LOST PRESTIGE

**W**ITH one ill-timed and clumsily handled cut of a knife, he had dissipated all the prestige which his campaign in Ethiopia had begun to gather for him. He had returned to Cairo a soldier whose exploits were so far, unknown and his future uncertain. Time, plus the self-evident achievements of his Ethiopian period, would have taken care of that. But who would continue to employ a man whose only answer to criticism, antagonism and stupidity was to cut his own throat ineffectually?

He lay there in his bed at the 15th General Hospital, only too well aware of the extent of his failure and the profound consequences of his mistake.

Only a few of his friends, who loyally visited him each day, knew that he was physically at the lowest ebb, his enormous reserves of energy sapped by months of malaria, cold, damp, and hunger; and that, mentally, he was in one of his Satellite periods, when evil and the urge for self-destruction was still sinking, like a berton but still hopeful dog, through the dark alleys of his mind.

## WORST MOMENT

**H**IS worst moment in Cairo came when Akavia was with him and a nurse brought in his mail. There were letters from his wife, which he put aside to read when he was alone, and one from G. H. Q., Middle East Forces.

Until this moment, despite the wound in his neck, he had still been Colonel Wingate, the victor of Ethiopia; but the letter addressed him as Major Wingate. He was back to his substantive rank, without a word of warning, once more; and no prospects in sight.

The following day, without any of his friends being informed, Major Orde Wingate was taken from hospital and loaded into an ambulance. A few days later he sailed from Suez in a hospital ship by way of the Cape for home, known Wingate for a long time, and was well aware of the



THE DRAMA IN A CAIRO HOSPITAL

Wingate, pale, apathetic, roused himself to say: "I know that one day you will ask me to be Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Israel."

## BRITAIN'S STRANGEST HERO—CHAPTER 6

said again to Kounine: "He owes his success in large measure to your help and initiative and to our mutual personality."

His determination to share the credit with Kounine was the typical gesture of a very great man.

So Orde Wingate emerged from the the worst moments of his life, still alive, still in the Army, still a major.

He spent some time with his wife, and slowly his mental condition changed from gnawing misery (or its alternative, panic hysteria) to optimism. God was suddenly on his side again. He was full of hope and optimism, and began busily contacting his friends in politics and the War Office to get him a new job.

New jobs of the kind, he visualised, in the rank for which he was obviously fitted, were not so easy to come by in the circumstances. And then, once more, General Wavell—a soldier he did not really admire—came to his rescue.

Wavell had the problem of Burma, about to fall into Japanese hands, on his mind and conscience. It occurred to him that a man like Wingate might arrest the flow of the yellow-tide towards India, and he asked London for him. Almost simultaneously, a political refugee (routed not through military channels) asked Wavell whether he could find Wingate a job.

## A THREAT

**O**N February 28, 1942, a note was slipped under my door: "Am en route to a new job. Would like to talk to you before I proceed."

Downstairs was Wingate. He had been urgently flown to Cairo en route for India and the Far East, and he had not changed a bit. Almost as soon as he saw me he said: "They might arrest me here in the Middle East, you know. Do you know what they have done now? I was flown from London as Priority One because Wavell needs me badly, but Cairo controls the priorities from home, and they have deliberately dropped me to Priority Three. When I complain they just jeer at me."

Kounine believes it is almost

certain that Lord Horder's personal intervention saved the day.

## NOT ONLY ME...

**T**HE first thing that Wingate said to him when he met him was: "You know, Lord Horder, I am not the only great soldier who has tried to commit suicide."

It was true that some members of G.H.Q., Middle East, were having a schoolboy revenge for past insults from Wingate by lack of co-operation, and in one or two cases open derision and contempt. But was the day in his forward flight due to anything but the exigencies of wartime transport? I could not find out. But certainly, after a non-stop flight from London to Cairo, he had to wait over a fortnight to make the next stage of the journey; and was told, by a high officer in my presence: "And don't try complaining to the Old Man. We'll just stop your telegram."

Wingate by this time was a pale, meek man who looked and sounded as if he had never insulted a general in his life. His neck was scarred from his suicide attempt, and he was thin and subdued.

## PROMOTION

**O**NLY once did we talk about his suicide attempt. We had both, by coincidence, been reading Huxley's recently published "Grey Empress," the biography of Father Joseph, the mystic who sat at the right hand of Cardinal Richelieu. Father Joseph was much concerned with death, and used to walk the roads of France saying to himself: "Die, die, die," hoping to drop dead as an act of contrition.

"It is the negation of my own philosophy," Wingate said. "I believe in the Semitic attitude and I say to God: 'Let me live, live, live.' And it is only when Satan, not God, tempts me that I wish to die."

I mildly told him that, as a man who prided himself as a master of all sciences and crafts, he had learned the art of suicide badly. "I know," he said. "No one told me that when you put a knife to your throat and begin to cut the muscles tense up."

There was a note in my box from him after he had flown away: "Goodbye. Don't worry. I shall be a general yet—Major Orde C. Wingate."

Six weeks later Wavell had made him a brigadier.

## WORLD COPYRIGHT

Next Saturday:  
ENTER THE CHINDITS

## ADMIRATION

**O**NE man, however, who never lost faith in Wingate's eventual emergence from the slough of despond was his doctor, middle-aged, stolidly-built Jew named Ben Kounine. Kounine, a man of profound knowledge and a deep-seated interest in his fellowmen, had known Wingate for a long time, and was well aware of the



LORD HORDER  
He sympathised, acted.

## By MARY HAMPSON

**Who else besides the cunning Cupid knows HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO FALL IN LOVE?**

IT'S remarkable—the speed at which the Go Slow brigade moves into action at the mention of a lightning romance.

They were quick off the mark when Orlando Sirola, the Italian tennis star, married Corisse Phillips, the 21-year-old London girl he met three weeks before.

"They must be mad," they said. "What can they know of each other in so short a time?" What does love ever know—or need to know? I once heard somebody say to an infatuated young woman who was cataloguing the charms of the man in her life: "When you know why you love him—you don't." Which could be horrendously cliché, but could be true!

It's a long time since the poet sang: "I did but see her passing by, yet will I love her till I die."

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



WE THINK WOMEN TALK TOO MUCH  
—SO THINK WOMEN SHOULD  
SLAVE ALL DAY, CONTINUES HARDA.

WHEN YOU FINISH  
HERE, SCRUB THE  
SIDEWALK.

SILENCE! ulp...

1949

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# WELL, NOT THAT I KNOW OF

by Robert MacDermot

**Robert MacDermot weaves a story round an incident that could have happened when he was a boy; but he might have made it up. What do you think?**

## Did it happen?

I WAS 11 years old the blimp well down in front, when I saw my first dead man, and he had died by violence. He spoke abruptly.

was lying at the foot of my favourite copper beech, and his blue eyes, fringed by dark lashes, were gazing straight up through the branches. His hat lay beside his head and, though it was an unusually fine Irish summer's day, he was wearing the heavy belted mackintosh that was almost uniform for young men of his type.

I made up my mind to speak to him severely; although rather a shy child, I was furious at this invasion of my private sanctuary. He had certainly no right to be in my grandfather's wood—and so near the Rectory, too.

### Round hole

But then I noticed the little round hole in his forehead and the fact that his left foot was twisted under him in a way that must have been very painful to a living person. I put down my fishing-rod and set off. I had been on my way to our little river to try for a few trout—and squatted beside him as I debated what to do next.

This was the time of "The Troubles" in Ireland, and there was no lack of dead young men lying in lonely places.

Even at my age I knew quite a lot of stories; indeed, living where and when we did, I could hardly have avoided them. Up till then I had thought the whole thing thrilling and romantic, as any normal boy would, but now, with the stark climax of one of the stories beside me, I was not so sure.

My grandfather's parish lay in a particularly troubled part of the country in County Derry (no Irishman ever calls it "London-derry" except in official documents) close to what later became the border of the Irish Free State. This meant that the people were a nearly equal mixture of Loyalist Protestants and Nationalist Catholics, and there had been several gunfights between rival factions in our little village of Errigal.

The police barracks was permanently barricaded and defended and no sensible person went out after dark unless he had to. But my grandfather, who came of an old Southern Protestant family, was free of the fanaticism of the more extreme Ulster Orangemen and got on well with all the villagers of whatever religious convictions.

### An incident

On one occasion, this reputation of his saved us from what might well have been an ugly incident. There was a tremendous banging on the front door one night about eleven o'clock, and a voice shouting, "Open up! Open up!"

I scuttled out of bed and on to the dark landing overlooking the hall. Peering over the bannister, I saw my grandfather come out of his study, carrying a lamp, and cross to the front door. When he opened it—and some—my infant birthday present, a watch set all the way in—I was never locked, incidentally from India, was still very much in use in a very un-Irish manner mackintosh and soft hat with—he came back into my mind,

And two very worrying thoughts came with him. One was the realisation that sooner or later I should have to report finding him.

Anyways, the sanctuary was only 50 yards from the Rectory, and my spaniel bitch Dinah, now heavily occupied with puppies, was bound to find him one day and announce the fact to everyone. Nor was there the slightest chance of my being able to drag him away anywhere else. The fact that I hadn't reported the body right away didn't matter, for no one was to know which way I had gone down to the river, but it was clear to me now that report it must.

The other thought was a subtler worry and not to be spoken of to anyone. It was simply this: I wasn't at all certain that I hadn't shot the man myself.

How that doubt could arise even for a moment needs a certain amount of background explanation.

My aunt, sister of my grandfather's children, my mother was the youngest, with two sons, was there in between, and I was the third, born between her and my father. She had stayed at the Rectory to look after her son and to organise the parish in a benevolently despotic way. But even at her then age of nearly 40 she was far from unattractive to men, and I got a lot of obviously cynical amusement from watching her progress with them.

"I can hardly prevent you," said my grandfather gently.

"I'll see that one of the boys—shut the girl when we've got it," said the man reassuringly. "You wouldn't want those bairns to be after strayings."

"Thank you," said my grandfather.

The man raised his hand in a friendly salute and went out.

I turned back to my room and looked out just out of the window. In the moonlight I could see 15 or 20 figures shambling across the gravel in the general direction of the big field. I had been brought up in Army circles—my father and mother were still in India, where I was born—and I disapproved strongly of the men's unmilitary movements, and general appearance.

The three of us—my aunt, my grandfather, and I—would sit in the van front seat while I gripped the steering-wheel and kept my foot well down on the accelerator. He manipulated the clutch and gear-lever, and more often, the hand-brake. How we avoided a succession of ghastly accidents I don't know to this day, but the police, all old friends of mine, used to wave cheerfully as I tore past, cornering like a demon.

Uncle Noel, as he asked me to call him though he was no relation, once came down to my preparatory school, further south, with a bunch of his disreputable ex-Army pals. He gave me a pound note, a box of chocolates, and ten illicit cigarettes, and then took the headmaster to the local pub whence he (the head, I mean) returned paralytic two hours later.

That, at least, was true. I do not know whether my grandfather ever said anything to the police. I suspect not, and think now that that was probably on my account. He was quite without fear for himself, but even if he had recognised the man, and he very likely had, in spite of the handkerchief—there was nothing to be gained by reporting him, and possibly a good deal to lose.

### Six fish

So that was why, with the quickly learned lesson that it was better to know nothing of what went on in those days, I decided to tell no one about the body.

I left it there and went on down through the wood to the river. I peered around cautiously, and I emerged on to the water-meadow, but there was no living thing in sight, except for two of our own goats.

In the distance were the bare blue slopes of the Sperrin Mountains, where many of the summer tourists refuge when the river, but all around me was the ceiling bony plain with the sudden little wooded hills popping up from it like firecrackers. The sky was overcast again, and it was lovely fishing weather.

I'm afraid I gave little thought to the dead man during the next two hours, for the Agway, with its overhanging trees and snags, took most of my concentration.

But when I'd landed six good fish and it was time to go home—my infant birthday present, a watch set all the way in—I was never locked, incidentally from India, was still very much in use in a very un-Irish manner mackintosh and soft hat with—he came back into my mind,



Drawing by Shadwell

A man in the inevitable mackintosh pushed past . . . he spoke abruptly.

covered the body. After looking

for himself, with apologies for entering the sanctuary, he took

me down in the trap to the RIC barracks, a mile away and we were back with Sergeant Magee and a couple of armed constables within half an hour.

The Sergeant was very kind in trying to shield me from the uglier details and made his usual jokes about wanting to see my driving-licence: I smiled politely, but thought contemptuously how stupid grown-ups were in not realising the amount that boys of nearly 12 knew about life, and what vital secrets they could keep.

I hardly gave the business another thought until a few days ago, more than 30 years later, when my 14-year-old son suddenly said, "Daddy, have you ever shot a man?"

He is only half Irish, was born and brought up in London, and has never been to Ireland except on holiday. I didn't think he'd understand the whole

set-up, so I merely answered: "Not that I know of."

But perhaps I was just being stupidly grown-up and forgetting what boys know about the facts of life, and what secrets they can keep.

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES     NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel by you until Monday when the answer will be given—with another story in this series by . . .

Xan Fielding

© Did yesterday's story—Ring for Mrs Fingers? by Louis Golding—actually happen? The answer is: YES.

## Dollar-a-year men are suspect

From JAMES COOPER

New York.

NOW the investigating spotlight turns on the big-business men who help to run the Administration.

It is an American tradition that such men with the know-how should go to Washington to help the Government at a reward of only a dollar a year.

They are known as W.O.C.s (without compensation), and their job is to advise on policies and contracts—for the good of the country.

But now the question is being asked: Are they all really working for the good of the country or do they influence contracts towards the firms they represent? So many suspensions have been aroused that the Justice Department has started an inquiry.

BY eliminating 49 of the 4,700 forms, questionnaires and reports which the U.S. Government requires from business firms, the commission of ex-President Hoover reports it has saved the Government \$5,000,000 in a year and has saved business twice that amount.

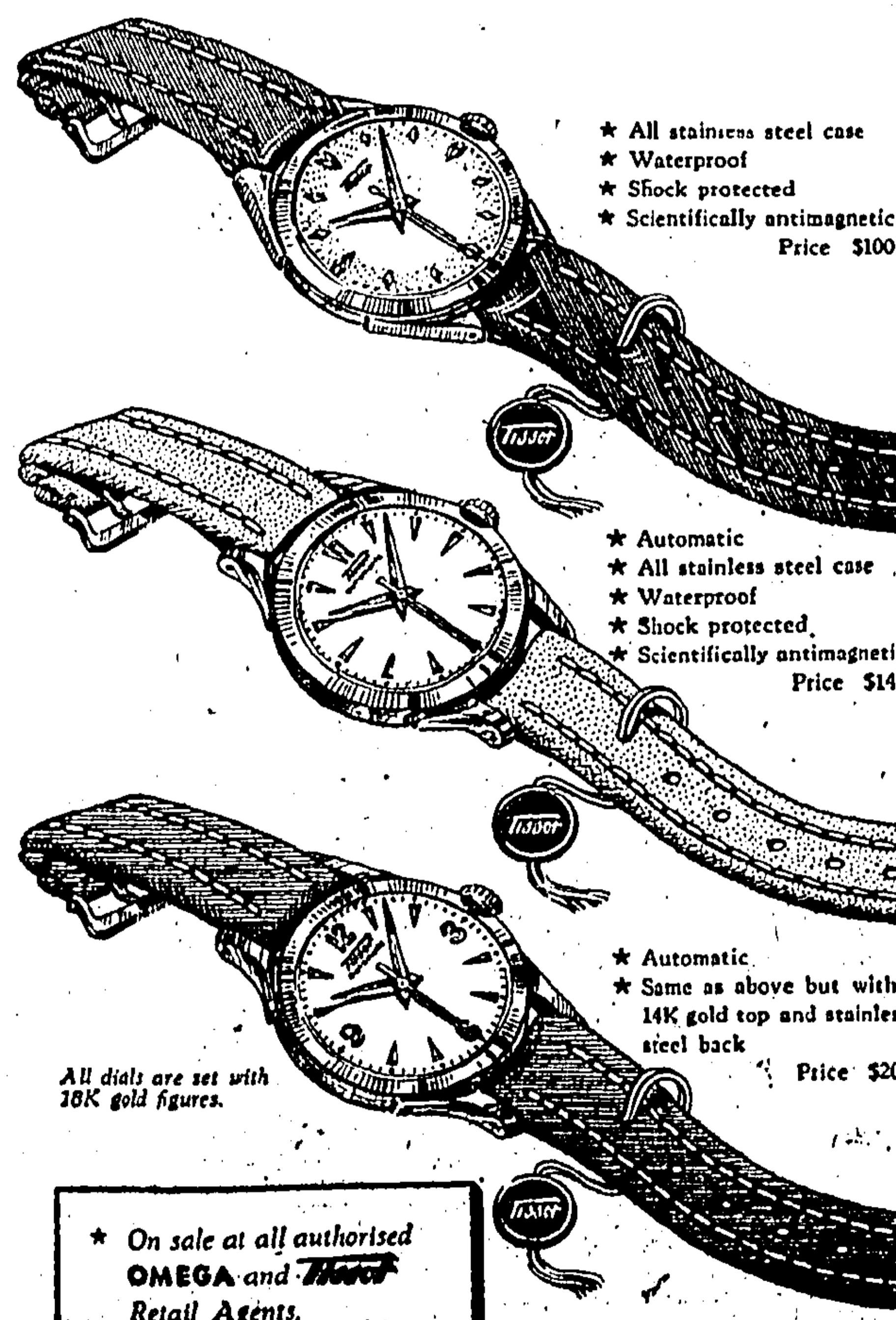
THOSE cheetah-grey suits, for three years the mark of the junior executive, are disappearing. Tailors report men are returning to the old medium grey but with a difference.

The difference is that a mixture of dacron and wool is now twice as popular as any other fabric. That is because dacron keeps the crease in the trousers much longer.

CURFEW on cats, twilight-to-down, has been imposed at Westbury, Long Island. Cat-catcher Donald Boosbaum will collect \$20 from the owner of any cat caught yowling at night.

TO combat teenage crime, 28,000 New York grocers are finding 30,000 jobs for school-boys during the summer holidays.

You can afford to be proud  
of a Tissot . . .



- ★ All stainless steel case
- ★ Waterproof
- ★ Shock protected
- ★ Scientifically antimagnetic

Price \$100

- ★ Automatic
- ★ All stainless steel case
- ★ Waterproof
- ★ Shock protected
- ★ Scientifically antimagnetic

Price \$140

- ★ Automatic
- ★ Same as above but with 14K gold top and stainless steel back

Price \$200

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Over the Years . . . a TISSOT will serve you faithfully.

Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland.

OMEGA \* TISSOT



A chairman of TV's Tall Story Club Robert MacDermot has heard tales pitched fair and foul. This story is the best of his own to be published.

MacDermot was born in Poona, India, and from prep school in Ireland came over to Stowe and Balliol College before going to Cambridge, preferring the laboratory.

He is 45 and, with his actress wife Diana Morgan, is responsible for some of the wittiest revue sketches of the last two years.

The fire in St. John's Wood with their son Derry.

I was thinking of this incident while I squatted beside the dead man. It had passed off as a rather intriguing joke, but nobody mentioned it the next morning. My aunt did ask me whether I had slept well, and looked at me with approval when I said with my most deadpan expression that I had blown out my candle, above nine.

That, at least, was true. I do not know whether my grandfather ever said anything to the police. I suspect not, and think now that that was probably on my account. He was quite without fear for himself, but even if he had recognised the man, and he very likely had, in spite of the handkerchief—there was nothing to be gained by reporting him, and possibly a good deal to lose.

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# A FACE SHINES THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN

London.  
FOR half an hour the sound of thunder down river had been warning us of the coming storm. Would it rain before we got inside?

A gaunt bishop in front of me hailed a clear heartily enough—"And how is St. Phillip's these days?" And the clear reply, with just the right touch of easy deference, "Nicely, my Lord, especially the beetle in our choir stalls."

But each looked on the darkening sky and would gladly have sent St. Phillip's and its beetles to perdition if only the queue would move a little faster.

Moving slowly through the courtyard of the library of Lambeth Palace, we tried to remember that we were pillars of Church and State on our way to meet the delegation of Russian Christians.

But all we could think of was that we had no coats or umbrellas. Then the storm broke.

One thing at least prevented the steady queue of bishops, deans, civil dignitaries and members of Parliament from becoming a rabble.

Just as the rain began and lightning flashed across the sky, a car swerved into the courtyard and deposited an exceptionally nimble-looking member of the team of the Queen. He had a long black beard, a long black robe, a golden cross hanging from a long gold chain and a general air of the mysterious East.

Clearly this was a straggler from the Russian delegation. At once, curates who had been trying to elbow bishops from their path and MPs who had been ready to trample ladies underfoot, made way for him; and, as he neared shelter, a colleague of mine, who fancies himself a linguist, said a few mystic words to him in Russian.

The eccllesiastic swept forward. Outside the library the rain poured down. "Our visitors," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, "are due to go on the river this evening. Instead the river has come to them."

*There were things I have seen before and will see again, a thousand times. But in this Russian visitor I saw something new...*

by J.P. W. Mallalieu, M.P.

Thunder rolled around the blackened sky. "Even the weather," said the head of the Latvian Baptist Church, "is meeting us with its smile." Applauding this meeting of ages and with fully-lived experience, and when the face smiled, there was another smile—for the eyes disappeared, not for deception or protection, but because they were no longer needed. The smile was not of external show, but of inner peace. And that peace spread over all of us.

The Archibishop made a pleasant speech, pausing at each sentence-end for the Russian woman interpreter to translate. The Russian visitors, with their robes and long beards, some black, some grey, some white, stood beside him, facing us.

And when the Archibishop made a joke—"Our visitors have some gold, but we promise not to inflict any cricket on them"—they all laughed, even before the joke was translated, just because they saw that we were laughing.

Then they gave presents to the Archibishop and Mrs Fisher and, by his, the rain stopped and we all went home.

This was an English occasion. There was the rain and our unceasable manners cracking under the menace of rain and being cemented by the arrival of a stranger. There was the clinking of crockery and the slightly forced goodwill. These were things that I have seen before, and will see again, a thousand times.

But there was also something which I have not seen before and may not see again. That was a face under a cap—if that is the right word for the ecclesiastical hat I mean—and partly covered by a beard which was wholly wet. The body below the face and beard was wholly covered by long black robes and the stomach was adorned by a golden cross. But I write of the face.

It transpired that he was the representative of some "White" Russian sect, had lived in London these 35 years and should, therefore, have taken his chance and his turn in the rain. The blasphemy we both then used did not let us forget either the peace we had felt at the sight of the Metropolitan's face or that, after all, this was an English occasion.

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London Express Service.



The Metropolitan  
Pilgrim of Minsk  
and Byelorussia.

## a trip to an Indian railroad junction located—for the time being—in Surrey

"Bhowani Junction," Nr. Hindhead.

THE lips said to be "like morning dew on poppies" closed over a stick of chewing gum. Ava Gardner, the Aphrodite of the atom age, the bullfighters' moment of truth, chewed steadily as she listened to the voice coming over the loudspeaker.

"Casualties and corpses," it said, "when you break for lunch do NOT take off your wounds, blood or bandages. Or you'll only have to put them back on again."

A "mangled corpse" propped himself up on one elbow and said: "Lunch? Did I hear someone say lunch?"

### Panic first

A mortally injured stretcher case retorted: "Wait for it. We're doing the panic first!"

Mrs Gardner said: "Have some gum."

I said: "No, thank you."

Over on our right at the bottom of an embankment five railway coaches were kaleidoscopically together in a most realistic reconstruction of a train crash.

"Took the art department two weeks to do," said an assistant director. It's a marvellous wreck, I tell you."

Up on the embankment another train—the Ava Gardner Special—one of the few that are still running these days, moved "into shot."

Two hundred extras, representing the victims of the train crash, lay on the ground.

They were scenes for the film "Bhowani Junction".

A woman with a silver sprayer came over to Miss Gardner. Began to spray.

"Eau de Cologne?" I asked.

"No."

"Chanel No. 5?"

"Sweat," said Miss Gardner, "Glycerine. Only stuff that shows up like sweat on the screen. Terrible stuff."

"A little more blood on Miss Gardner, please," called an assistant director.

"Oh, dear," said Miss Gardner.

I said I was afraid I did rather. You met such interesting people.

"Such as who?"

"Such as the fabulous Miss Gardner," I said gallantly.

"You think I'm interesting?"

"Well. Perhaps we're not so interesting to ourselves."

I said: "Now come, that's just inverted egotism."

"Oh, dear," said Miss Gardner.

"I can't think where I got the bad blood. The bad blood that got me into this business."

I said I was not in the film and did not require splashing with blood, correctly pigmented for Eastmancolour.

A loose strand of hair fell over Miss Gardner's face. A very dirty face.

I said: "You look terrible."

Everybody seemed enormously pleased.

### Dirty face

A man with a bottle of "blood," correctly pigmented for Eastmancolour, came over and reverently splashed some over Miss Gardner's already mud-stained white face.

I said I was not in the film and did not require splashing with blood, correctly pigmented for Eastmancolour.

She certainly makes enough of that for it to be most enjoyable.

Her salary is reputed to be £80,000 a picture. This enables her to spend more on excess baggage than a normal family need to live on for a year. It enables her when she goes on location to bring her coloured mind along to look after her puppy.

"I can't think where I got the bad blood. The bad blood that got me into this business."

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You must play tennis in the mid-day sun. You must take more salt with your food than usual. Probably everybody would benefit from an occasional glass of salt water—a teaspoonful to a pint.

If a little common sense is applied in the choice of dress and diet, the hot weather could be enjoyable.

## What Did The "Summit" Wives Talk About?

From JOAN HARRISON

Geneva, husband were staying during the Big Four conference. It was quiet and peaceful there after the hubbub in Geneva. Madame Faure, a slim, beautifully-dressed woman, her long fair hair styled in a chignon, told me that Lady Eden, Mrs Eisenhower and she spent a long time comparing the differences in their lives.

Madame Lucie Faure, wife of the French Premier, gave me the answer over a cup of tea on the terrace of the villa overlooking Lake Geneva where she and her

"Lady Eden," said Madame Faure, "whom I find extremely sympathetic," told me that when she and her husband are alone together they talk politics a lot. She says that she follows every detail of his political life and gives him her personal views on whatever he is working on.

### Non-committal

"I asked her if he ever took her advice but she was non-committal and said she didn't always know whether he did or not. She asked me how long I thought my husband would continue to be Prime Minister." Madame Faure laughed: "I told her she believed it would be quite a while."

"It is of course easier for me to talk with Lady Eden because she speaks French fluently. Mrs Eisenhower, who is a friendly, spontaneous woman, does not speak a word of the language, so we have to talk in English—and I'm afraid I don't speak it as well as I should."

"I asked her how she was spending her time in Geneva and she laughed and said she spent a good deal of the day knitting. I gathered that she did not expect to go out much."

### Likes to relax

"Do I talk over the political situation with my husband? Well, not often, because when he comes home he likes to relax. But you know I'm a journalist myself. I have edited a political review for the past ten years. So I have my own ideas."

"When I met Marshal Bulganin the other evening at dinner he couldn't have been more friendly. I have met Soviet diplomats many times before and I have never known them to be so relaxed."

"M. Bulganin and I talked a lot about Russia which I have already visited, and M. Bulganin said why didn't I come again, any time I liked, and he would be delighted to receive me. I said I was afraid that the commitments of my husband and myself wouldn't allow us to go right away and I supposed that he wouldn't be able to come to Paris. I don't see why not; said M. Bulganin, 'If I'm invited I shall certainly come.'

"Believe it or not, but they really were just good friends." In that case, I said, "I don't know what bullfights are coming to."

### A housewife

Miss Gardner said: "I want to get married again more than anything. I know that sounds odd coming from a girl with my record, having made a mess of it three times already, but I do. Then I would give up films, become a housewife and have children."

For the record, Miss Gardner is still married to Frank Slatiar.

"What sort of man do you want to marry?" I asked helpfully, thinking I might be able to recommend somebody.

"I'm not going to talk to you about that," said Miss Gardner, "not as a newspaperman, anyway."

So I am afraid I cannot tell you anything about Miss Gardner's ideal man.

But I can tell you that Miss Gardner is not going short of suitors.

Even in her blood-splattered sari, even with her face covered in dirt, she is extraordinarily beautiful. Even, I am surprised to say, when she is chewing gum.

...this situation calls for a San Miguel

## So you can't SLEEP?



Fifty people come to the aid of the toss-and-turn brigade, with a batch of cures for insomnia

by PETER DACRE

SLEEPING badly? That has been the complaint of many people.

But of author John St. John. He is a good sleeper. So good that he dozed off while reading a manuscript his publisher had sent him. He woke up musing about the mystery of sleep.

Now he is preparing a book on the subject. He has found that insomnia is age-old. A sleepless Saxon hopefully placed a goat's horn under his pillow. In the Middle Ages they believed in the sleep-giving properties of a hedgehog's left eye fried in oil.

Once it was thought that insomnia could be cured by wearing next to the skin a dead cuckoo wrapped in hareskin.

### PRAYER, SONG

But how do people find sleep nowadays—when modern life makes it more elusive than ever? To find out, St. John invited people to tell him about "sleep inducing tricks."

### POCKET CARTOON By OSBERT LANCASTER

THE END OF  
THE WORLD  
IS AT HAND!



### How To Beat The Heat

BY A DOCTOR

OH, doctor, I can't stand the heat. It makes me so hot, sticky feeling.

That's what some of my patients say to me. But need they worry? No. For most people in normal health heat may mean some discomfort, but it will do them no harm.

And food should be cut down during hot weather. Hot, starchy carbohydrate, particularly bread and potatoes, is best eliminated altogether, if possible.

Large quantities of iced drinks are also a mistake in humid heat. The cooling effect is very temporary, and the increased volume of fluid quickly stimulates the sweat glands even

### JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

ANNE SCOTT-JAMES presents GIVENCHY in holiday designs for YOU

*Pack a bit  
of Paris in  
your bag...*



GIVENCHY

IT'S ALWAYS A GIMMICK  
THAT CATCHES THE EYE

THE big fashion event of every woman's year is her summer holiday. It is for those two or three weeks away that we shop and save, diet and tan, try things on and cut things out and run things up.

How do you time your permanent wave? To be right for your summer holiday.

When do you wear your clothes? The week before.

FOUR BRAND - NEW PARIS ACCESSORIES ARE ON THIS PAGE TODAY. ALL WERE PLANNED BY GIVENCHY TO BE MADE OR ADAPTED FOR YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY BY YOU.

"What sort of fabrics and colours are you using for holiday clothes?" I asked Givenchy first. Because fabric is always the key to fashion.

HE TOLD ME he is using masses of pastels, especially white, pale rose pink, pale turquoise. He is using mostly plain fabrics—only a few small, delicate prints.

IDEA FOR YOU: Make your last-minute dress a plain one. Don't wear the ten millionth floral on the beach.

HE TOLD ME about his newest idea in belts—it was still in the half-designed buckram stage. A wide belt with a huge buckle is shaped to wear below the waist, giving a long-body look to a normal-waisted dress.

IDEA FOR YOU: Make one yourself in a stiff, shiny fabric. The diagram shows the cut.

HE TOLD ME that he loves towelling as a fabric for accessories.

IDEA FOR YOU: Line a beach or garden hat (the deep-crowned kind is newest) and line the brim with white towelling.

PICTURES BY DAVID OLINS



• PACK A BIT OF PARIS in the shape of a towel cloth. Take a beach or garden hat (the deep-crowned kind is newest) and line the brim with white towelling.



• PACK A CARDIGAN of flimsy fabric. Make it of pink shantung, and knit the edgings in a fine one-and-one rib.



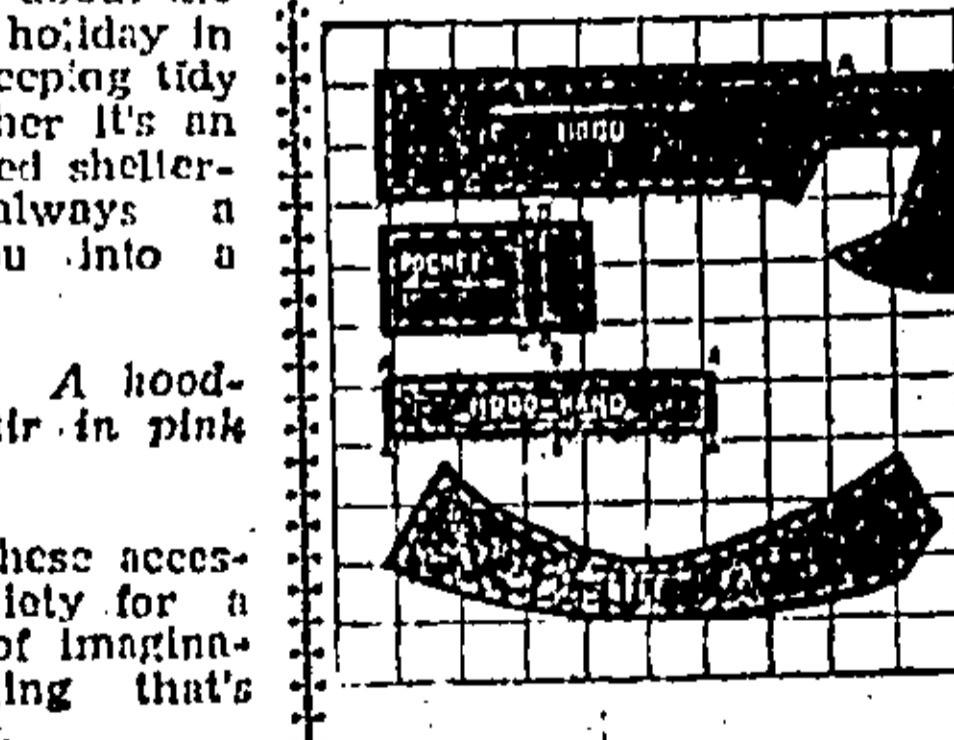
• PACK A HOOD with scarf ends to belt or fling round your neck. There's a cutting diagram below.



• PACK A WIDE BELT to drop your waistline. Make it of satin, lined, padded and stitched, with a big buckle (diagram below).



TAKE 1½ YARDS



SCALE: 1 SQUARE=4 INCHES

## Crisp Look For Summer

By HELEN FOLLETT

NOW is the time to look crisp as a lettuce leaf, fresh as a daisy. The big question is: "How can I be my prettiest in this warm weather?"

Baths are important. In warm weather, they are necessary above all things. It has also cosmetic value and helps to keep complexion free of blemishes. There's nothing like cleanliness to make a girl look immaculately lovely.

A shower is refreshing after hours outdoors. A rousing scrubbing is essential to remove all traces of perspiration.

Don't friction too heavily with the bath towel; it may cause you to perspire. Just blot yourself dry. And don't forget to use a good deodorant.

The complexion requires cream, to keep it soft, but a fragrant emollient will cause seborrhea if skin is oily, one of these teatree bottoms can be used before powdering. They help to give the skin a fresh appearance.

To look cool, it is an excellent idea to wear hair brushed away from the face. A few wide waves, soft curl, a sleek, sculptured hairstyle, combine to impart elegance and distinction.

But whatever you do, keep the lights on if you want to catch your man," the Institute concluded.—United Press.

## Romance Grows If Light Glows

Chicago hair, and makes the com-

GIRLS, turn the lights on plexion seem softer and

not off—if you are younger looking," said the

Institute.

The trick: use balanced, indirect light, cast on ceiling and walls which then reflect it back into the room, is most desirable, the experts said.

As important as the source and kind of light is its colour. The warm-white fluorescents are most complimentary to skin tones, as well as to dress and accessory colours, the Institute said. If you want to be more daring, you can even buy a magenta light.

"Don't make the mistake of sitting next to a small lamp which is the only source of light in the room," the Institute advised. "Proper lighting creates facial lines and shadows, puts highlights in your

this type of lighting creates shadows, emphasizes line, make the skin look rough and aged."

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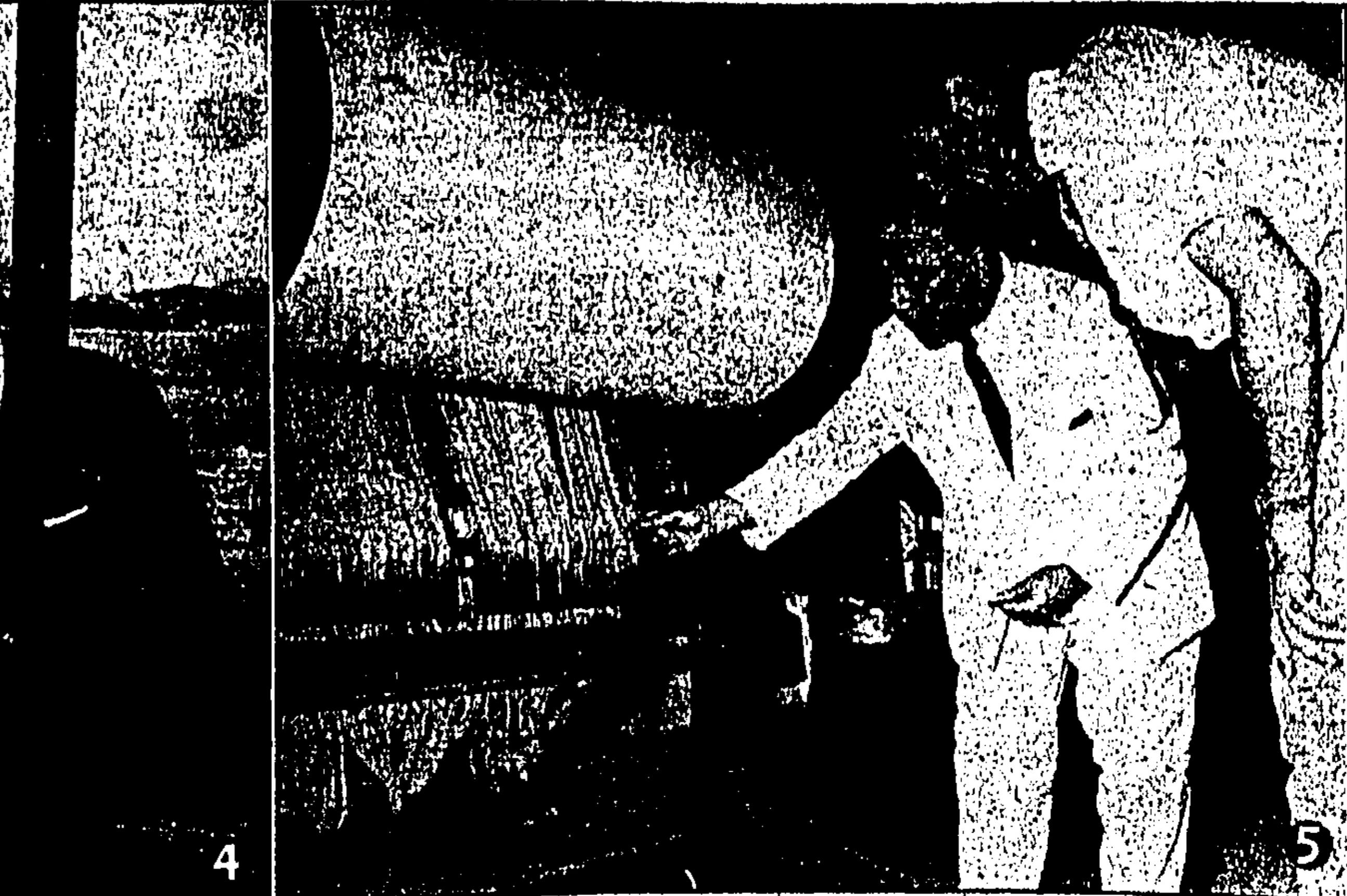
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## SECRETARY OF STATE'S VISIT

**THE SECRETARY OF STATE'S VISIT**

Rt Hon. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd have spent a very busy week here. 1. The Secretary of State and His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, chatting with Mr H. Ching at the Government House Garden Party. 2. Mr Lennox-Boyd at the dinner given in his honour by Executive and Legislative Council members. 3. Sightseeing from the Peak. 4. Kowloon squatter resettlement plans being explained to the Secretary of State by Mr D. R. Holmes. 5. On his visit to local factories, Mr Lennox-Boyd listens to Mr C. D. Silas at a cotton mill (Staff Photographer).



AT the cocktail party given by Officers of the U.S. aircraft carrier, Philippine Sea, at the Correspondents' Club. Left to right: Captain H. L. Ray, the carrier's commander, Mrs Jackson, Mr S. J. Jackson, Brig. R. H. Bellamy and Mr G. M. Hughes. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: The new British Ambassador to the Philippines, Mr G. L. Clutton (extreme left), pictured with Mr P. G. F. Dalton, Political Advisor to the Hongkong Government, on his arrival here early this week. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The Hongkong Combined Services chess team playing the Dutch Club at the Peninsula Hotel before sailing to play a series of games in Singapore. In foreground is Captain (Miss) P. A. Sunnucks, of the Services team. (Staff Photographer)

CRAFTSMAN PARTRIDGE, star swimmer of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, who won several prizes at last Saturday's annual swimming sports of the Corps, pictured with his trophies. (Staff Photographer)



BETWEEN: Sports Club members who were honoured by HM the Queen in the recent Birthday List were feted by their fellow members on Thursday. From left: Mr J. Jolly, who was awarded the CMG, the Hon. C. E. M. Terry, awarded the OBE, Mr Mok Hing-wing (Chairman of the Club), the Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan, awarded the OBE, Mr E. G. Wei, Mr H. Hong Sling, Mr A. J. Kew and Mr H. J. Tebbutt. (Staff Photographer)

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SIR Robert Ho Tung, who flew to London to receive the accolade of Knight Commander of the British Empire from Her Majesty the Queen, returned to Hongkong last Monday. He is soon greeted at Kai Tak Airport by Mr C. J. R. Dawson, Honorary ADC to HE the Governor. (Staff Photographer)



MRS S. E. Fabor speaking at the St James's Settlement bazaar which she opened last Saturday. Also in picture are Mrs Forest Rittgers and Bishop Ronald Hall. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: M. Yan Man-luang, Hongkong industrialist, crowning Miss Lam Ying-har "Miss Exhibition" after the recent Hongkong Products Fair held in Singapore.



LEFT:  
At the dinner dance held aboard the MV Victoria by the Hongkong Round Table. Upper picture:  
The Hon. M. W. Turner, Mrs A. M. Rodrigues, Mrs R. P. Moodie and Mr P. Sellars. Lower: Mrs P. Sellars, Mr R. P. Moodie, Mrs M. W. Turner and Dr the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues. (Staff Photographer)

MR Brook Barnacchi (second from left) entertained to a bon voyage dinner at the Blue Eagle Restaurant last Saturday evening by members of the Reform Club. Mr Barnacchi, who is chairman of the Club, is spending his first leave in England since the war. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Prof. S. I. Hsiung, who became famous for his English adaptation of "Lady Precious Stream," speaking on "East and West—They Sometimes Meet" at the British Council. (Staff Photographer)



THE 1st Company, Hongkong Rangers, was formed this week. Some of the girls are seen taking their oath before Mrs A. Hooton, Deputy Girl Guide Commissioner. (Staff Photographer)



MRS F. I. Tsoung, who distributed the prizes at the annual speech day of the Queen's College Old Boys' Association Free School, receiving a bouquet from little Miss Young Ying-yeo. (Staff Photographer)



AT the first dinner dance, held at the Peninsula Hotel last Saturday, of the Federation of Teachers of Services Schools. From left: Mrs McLeod-Young, Mr and Mrs C. D. Pugh, Lt-Col A. McLeod-Young, Mrs Stanley and Mr F. J. Stanley. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Presentation of diplomas at the Evening School of Higher Chinese Studies. Miss Linda Young is receiving her diploma from Prof. Gordon King, Pro-Vice-Chancellor of the Hongkong University. (Staff Photographer)

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We have received a nice range of plain coloured  
**COLLAR ATTACHED SHIRTS**  
from our friends  
AUSTIN REED'S.

The material is two fold Egyptian cotton.

The colours are:

White  
Cream  
Biscuit  
Pale blue  
Light grey  
and  
Light green.

They have one pocket and button cuffs.

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ALEXANDRA ARCADE  
DES VOREUX ROAD



# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Helen Burke shows how to prepare another meal that is different...for the hostess who is different

## We Put the Accent on Economy ...and invite a debutante to a low-budget lunch

London.

FOR the fifth of our Special Occasion lunches, Eileen Ascroft and I decided that we would give a "budget" meal—that is, one economising not only in cost but also in time, the kind of meal a young housewife, perhaps a bride, or a busy business girl, entertaining for the first time, might like to serve.

As our chief guest we invited Anna Massey, who besides making a very successful appearance in *The Reluctant Debutante*, also appears recently at her own party as a debutante in red silk.

Our chief guest was Peter Thorne, a young architect. Then again, as before, I consulted Raymond Postgate and let him taste the wines which would accompany the food. They were to be as inexpensive as possible, and they were at 6s. 6d. a bottle each.

### NO SWEET

I HAD planned to serve a sweet at this meal, feeling sure that young people (Anna is 17) really liked sweets...



Verdict by Anna Massey: The pate was almost a meal in itself and the tarhonya absolutely wonderful...

You're wrong," Raymond said. "They don't."

I agreed that Anna herself would prefer me to say so. To my utter surprise she was not "gravy" about sweets, but much preferred cheese— and Port Salut, at that. So Port Salut it was.

With it I served one of those fine thin, crusty Continental "tartes" of bread and fresh butter, which everyone except Anna enjoyed. She preferred thin water biscuits, saying that "bread is too heavy for cheese." Perhaps she is right.

### THE MENU

*Claret de Bordeaux*  
Liver Pate  
Salad  
St Emilion  
Beef Goulash  
Tarthonya  
Peas  
Cheese  
Coffee

### LIVER PATE

HERE is the recipe: Cover 1 lb. pig's liver with cold water and a dessertspoon of vinegar. Leave for half a day. Drain, then pass through the mincing machine three times together with  $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. pork fat, four fillets of anchovies, a small tart apple, a small onion and half a clove of garlic.

Now add a raw egg and a cold white sauce made with  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. butter, 1 oz. flour and  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint milk. Beat well together and season very well with salt and freshly milled pepper. If you have an electric liquidiser, you will, of course, use it.

I work the mixture through the finest sieve of my mousetraps. (This is a most useful gadget with three removable sieves.) I also beat a table-

spoon of sherry into the pate, but this is not essential.

Turn the mixture into a well-greased or pork-fat-lined terrine (I used a soufflé dish). Add a bay leaf, stand in a pan of water and bake for 1½ hours at a very low temperature (gas 1 or 300 degrees Fahr.). Remove the bay leaf. Place a weighted plate on top and leave overnight, then pour on a little melted fresh butter or bacon fat.

There was enough pate for 12 or more servings, and I reckon that the cost for this particular meal was about 2s.

### CLAIRET

THIS, which served as an aperitif as well as with the cake was a very pleasant, very light rose which Anna described as "absolutely wonderful" and Peter thought "unpretentious but very smooth."

Raymond, who had expected the pate to be what he termed the "household kind," felt that it made a "rabbit" of his Clairet.

I thought it rather overpowering for this wine but the wine itself was excellent for the aperitif. After all, this was a meal for young folk and we had agreed that strong wines were not desirable.

### WINE TIP

THE St Emilion was a very pleasant surprise. Before lunch, Raymond did a "trick" with it which he had seen carried out in the cellars of Baron Philippe de Rothschild at the Chateau Mouton Rothschild. It has the wonderful effect of maturing a very young wine "on the spot."

He emptied the two bottles into a warm, dry jug, then rinsed out the bottles with very

hot water and at once poured the wine back into them. The effect of this is to oxygenise any young wine and cause quick development. This does two things: provides a rounder taste and better perfume and takes away any suggestion of earthiness. I give you this tip, which you may like to try with any inexpensive red wine.

### COULASH

MADE enough for eight good servings a day in advance because this dish is even better when reheated and is, of course, a great treat for a busy person. I used my tomato-coloured enameled iron casserole.

Everyone should possess one of these because it can be used equally well in the oven and on the top of the cooker. Further, it is attractive enough to be taken to the dining-room, thus cutting out last-minute dishwashing.

Both the young people really liked the coffee, which pleased me very much.

The whole meal, including the three bottles of wine at 6s. 6d. each, cost 3s. 6d.

Here is the recipe given to me by Vilmos Csont, the chef of the Hungarian Csardá. I urge you to try it.

Melt approximately 2oz. lard in a deep pan. Add 1 lb. thinly

sliced onions and simmer them in the fat until they are translucent. Take care not to colour them. Work in two tablespoons of paprika (sweet red pepper) over a low heat. Add 2 to 2½ lb. stewing beef cut into 1-inch squares. (Leg beef, top side, or any lean stewing beef will do.) Cook, very gently, while stirring, to get the paprika worked into the meat. Add 1 teaspoon finely chopped caraway seeds, a clove of garlic and salt to taste.

Now add two large sweet green peppers cut into 1-inch strips, each, the seeds and cores removed. Cover tightly and simmer over the lowest heat for cooking, occasionally giving the mixture a good stir.

Cook for two hours (or longer if you choose leg beef). On no account add any water. The dish itself makes ample sauce.

If you make this dish a day in advance turn it into a bowl. Next day, before reheating it, add one to two tablespoons of water to the pan, then slowly reheat. (But no water in the actual cooking.)

### TARHONYA

THIS is a macaroni paste (sometimes called macaroni rice here), made into tiny pieces like rice, and browned. I bought it ready-made in a Soho store for 1s. a pound.

A breakfast-cup of it is fried in two tablespoons of lard, then a chopped halved onion and a teaspoon of paprika are worked into it. Add four cups water and salt to taste. Bring to the boil.

When the tarhonya has soaked up the moisture, cover and finish off the cooking in the oven. That, with any fresh vegetables, plainly cooked, makes an excellent and easily prepared dish.

We all enjoyed the goulash and I have entered it in my book of special dishes. The 1950 St Emilion, young as it was, stood up nobly to it, and, after its "shock treatment," I would not be worried serving it to a gourmet friend who comes here from Paris every six weeks.

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**JOHN ROBBINS** retells one of  
the World's Strangest Stories

## THE MAN ALL LONDON HATED

IT was no ordinary execution. The mob packed tight round Tyburn's "triple tree" were enraged and restless. "Hangman," came the incessant call, "do your office."

Fearful of his own safety, the hangman fixed the halter round the neck of the miserable, half-conscious man in the execution cart—and did his office.

So on a sunny spring morning in 1725 ended the life of Jonathan Wild, self-styled Thief-Catcher-General of Great Britain and Ireland, the most hated and feared man in 18th century London.

It was a fitting end for the biggest double-crosser in history. And an ironic end—for Wild had sent thousands to the same gallows.

Wild led his criminal life, according to one writer, with "an effrontery that was nothing less than genius." Ostensibly he was in the service of the justice as a thief-taker, and the respectable recoverer of stolen property. Neatly dressed in green with a sword at his side, he carried a silver staff as a token of his "authority."

But behind that facade of respectability which prompted him to seek freedom of the City as a reward for his honesty, he was the undercover chief of the largest gang of robbers and cut-throats in London.

The rewards paid to informers allowed him to turn his unique position into great profit. Highwaymen, burglars and house-breakers could be "sold" for £40; counterfeiters also fetched £40 if they dealt in gold or silver, only £10 if they confined themselves to copper.

Wild had no compunction in "selling" the wratchers who committed the crimes he himself organised.

Yet it took an Act of Parliament to bring this arch-rogue to justice, and he was eventually hanged for the comparatively venial offence of receiving money on false pretences.

Born in Wolverhampton about the year 1682, Wild was apprenticed at the age of 15 to a buckle-maker in Birmingham. He was married when he was 22, but two years later deserted his wife and young son to hitch-hike to London in search of fortune.

Exciting pity by a false limp (it is said he could dislocate his hip at will), he easily obtained lifts in south-bound carriages.

At first he sought to make a living at his own trade, but extravagant habits soon ran him into debt. During four years in prison he learned many secrets of the underworld and met a woman called Mary Milliner, who became his tutor in crime.

His downfall was brought about by an informer, a publican called Tom Edwards. As a result stolen property was found in a warehouse owned by Wild and he was arrested by the High Constable of Holborn on February 16, 1725.

He was eventually arraigned at the Old Bailey on an indictment containing 11 counts, but managed to have his trial postponed. At the next sessions he was convicted of feloniously receiving on March 10—while in prison—the sum of ten guineas from a Katherine Statham for the purpose of apprehending the thieves of 50 yards of lace. It was, it is said, a crime he did not commit.

On the morning of his execution Wild tried to kill himself with a large dose of laudanum. But it merely made him drowsy and he could hardly keep his eyes open.

Probably as he layed in the execution cart that Monday morning, he hardly noticed the jeering crowd.

As soon as a robbery was committed, Wild was informed and the booty hidden in a con-



JONATHAN WILD, THIEF-CATCHER GENERAL

venient place. Then Wild went to the people who had been plundered and offered to recover their lost property. When it was returned to them they were only too happy to buy a reward that was generally a larger sum than Wild had been able to get for the theft from a single criminal.

Wild maintained a sense of honesty by not accepting money himself, actually he deducted a "take-off" from his intermediaries.

So great was his success that after a time he did not have to select his men. People who had not robbed the fool to him to recover their valuables.

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RENE MacCOLL, BACK IN MOSCOW, REPORTS

## What A Change!

MOSCOW, Russia—When I reached Moscow in the small hours of the morning I knew that things would be different.

Last year my first stop in Soviet territory was at Leningrad. A stony-faced policeman appeared in our plane, collected all passports. We had a polite, but chilly, customs examination.

But this year! My first stop inside Russia was at Vilna in Lithuania. Nobody bothered us in the plane, and as we came down the ramp we were met by a smiling ebullient man in civilian clothes who gave each of us an individual greeting of American "chester" intensity.

Customs? Of course not, my dear fellow. We would not dream of troubling you. This way to the dinner table. Vodka, wine, beer. We have, I regret, to take a note of what foreign currency you may have with you—but forgive the annoyance please.

Moscow at 2.30 in the morning. Smiles from the chauffeur of the waiting car.

I notice that he still keeps shifting into neutral, coasting, and re-engaging his gear. The petrol saving campaign must still be on. A bit of sleep and then up to have my first look at this year's Moscow.

The crowds accept the fierce heat and dress accordingly. The men are in shirt-sleeves, beach shorts, or simply ordinary shirts without ties. Women are in lowered dresses, loose fitting.

For a while this curtailed Wild's "business" but he was quick to revive it, though with more caution than before. He changed his operating methods and bought a slop to carry stolen gold watches, rings, snuff-boxes and plate across the Channel for sale on the Continent.

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MacColl pictured looking at the Kremlin the last time, in 1954.

round from behind the frosted glass to kill me, in the first, deepest sort of way, that when I leave the U.S.S.R. I shall not be able to take any trouble out with me. Last year no one would have bothered to tell me,

Even the policeman stationed outside the American Embassy has recently begun to amaze American officials by giving them a salute and an occasional smile as they pass. Smiles for the Americans? Unheard of.

But still is this news. When I was last here there was, outside such towns as Moscow and Leningrad, an unbridled anti-Western campaign in full blast by means of crude caricatured posters in the parks or public squares of the smaller towns.

Now it can be said on the best authority, that these posters are either disappearing or are considerably toned down.

The West is not being let off scot-free just yet, but the storm of pictorial abuse in the provinces iswan-

ding down.

Who are the villains and who the heroes, according to the Russian public, as coached by their official press and radio?

In recent weeks there has been a complete "lay-off" of any sort of criticism of Eisenhower. He is treated with respect. His press conferences have been fully and unashamedly reported.

He went to Geneva with Eden; like Eisenhower, in the subject of a "standstill" in criticism. He is thought to be less inflexible than Churchill—indeed Eden has not, like Churchill, the "taint" of having been behind the old-time interventionism. But in Russian papers, some of the British press (unlike the French press, which is praised) comes in for some heavy blows.

British newspapers are said to be "non-construtive" as regards Gorbachev. And certain British journalists are accused of having "prefabricated ideas" about Soviet policy tucked away in their lockers.

The "Manchester Guardian" is particularly singled out over China.

Until recently it was fashionable to say in Moscow that

the amazing thing about these under-the-counter discs—which cost 10 rubles each, or nearly one pound at the inflated official rate of exchange—is that they are made of old X-ray photographic film material.

The tunes themselves are obtained either from clandestine bands played in some cellar or well-shuttered flat, or else they are recorded off foreign radio programmes.

And now for the lodging house racket.

It happens at Yalta and other holiday resorts on the Black Sea and Crimean coast.

In the last year or so the practice of sending workers in large groups to the holiday "bananaria," where they must do everything by numbers, has been weakening.

This is because individual workers with more money in their pay-packet have been rediscovering the joys of an untrammelled holiday all on their own.

So, nowadays, near railway stations and taxi stands of the holiday resorts, old ladies linger. And they slide up and out of the corners of their mouths offer the incoming holiday-makers "nice rooms—not in the hotel!"

There are plenty of takers.

Two straws

And now here are straws in the wind—bad and good.

Out in Tschinken, in Soviet Central Asia, an official station in the public Park of Culture and Rest just the other day addressed a big crowd with the old venom against the West.

His words were inflammatory and wild. Hysteria ran through all that he said.

Here in Moscow, the British and American military attaches have been granted their own private driving licences. This means that they can now go off in their own cars to any part of the Soviet Union—except banned areas.

## Thank heavens

### I'm NOT under 21

#### ... LIFE GETS SO COMPLICATED

IMAGINE being under 21, advanced in a career to be lovely to look at, moderately absorbed in it. "Even financial independence would be delightful. You are wrong. It is really a form of suffering. Or so I gather from two young loafers on the threshold of their careers.

"You may not be an angel," I began to sing. "Ces angels are few.

"But until the day when one comes along, I'll string along with you."

They looked at me mournfully, as though I were not quite playing the game. For "stringing along" is easier sung than done. The hero returns with more exigent demands. This raises the old, old question as to how much a girl can take without giving anything in return. How long will the kiss

I promised to do my best. Their problem is as old, old is, of course, man.

#### A 'steady'.

If you are under 21 and pretty, the one essential to happiness is a regular boy friend—a "steady". This is a point of pride. Nothing is so humiliating as wanting to go to the pictures and having no one to take you. It reflects on your powers of attraction. It undermines your self-confidence.

At the same time, it is equally necessary to feel sufficiently free to go out with anyone else.

So far, so good. Any young girl can manoeuvre herself into this situation. But here's the rub. If the "steady" shows similar inclinations life turns into a drama. If he actually goes out with another girl, it becomes intolerable.

The under-21 goes through agonies of jealousy. She assumes that she cannot be as attractive as she imagined. She may even prove incapable of holding a man. This makes her terrified of losing the one she has got.

It is only one step from believing that she cannot live without him. Worse happens. This must, she tells herself, be LOVE.

Tears, letters, interminable telephone conversations follow. Meals are peeked at. She arrives hollow-eyed at breakfast.

Unhappily, by this time it is not so easy to get rid of him.

Museline vanity can also be outraged. Letters, stormy scenes, interminable telephone conversations follow. The front door is banged on after midnight. Meals are peeked at. Hollow eyes stare across the breakfast-table.

**Such passion**

The girl is astonished to find how much her "steady" cares. She had no idea he was capable of such passion. She doubts if anyone could ever love her so much. She is filled with remorse at hurting him.

In fact, it is all too complicated.

"But why can't you be satisfied with a number of escorts, none of whom you take too seriously?" I asked. "That surely would solve your difficulties."

"I was wrong. The fellows are looking for 'steadies,' too. If three evenings a week with a girl does not show promise of further development they are no longer interested."

"Perhaps marriage is the only answer," said the blonde. "It obviously can't be worse."

"An emotional vacuum," said the brunette. "The brunet, 'is only possible. They looked at me inquiringly. If you're older and sufficiently I held my peace."

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• He may or may not have written this book, but private life in the Kremlin must have been something like this.....

## BOOKS, by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

# Litvinov—True or False?

### NOTES FOR A JOURNAL.

By Maxim Litvinov. Andre Deutsch, 18s. 303 pages.

**T**HE most important question about this book is the one that is hardest to answer: Is it really the work of Maxim Litvinov, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs from 1930 to 1939?

The claim is made—although neither by the publisher nor by E. H. Carr, author of the introduction—that Litvinov dictated those frank but fragmentary notes and deposited them with us.

"You defended me very gallantly," Papasha, although your skill in the use of your fist was nil."

To touch tears by such praise, feeling afresh the "charm" which Stalin could exert, Litvinov almost forgot to shudder behind the Georgian smile, the jealousy ("an Asiatic feature") which made it impossible for Koba to share anything, even a mistress; the anti-Semitism which was never far off.

### Chosen man

Stalin declared that the Jews were typical petty bourgeois, with the instinct of ownership developed over the centuries. Strange, Litvinov reflected, that they had produced Karl Marx!

He remembered Zinov'ev's story of the two competing shoe-makers' shops in Gori: Stalin's native town; one was kept by Koba's father, the other by a Jewish immigrant.

Stalin was too savage, but what cunning! What patience! What a politician! Kameney reported Stalin's outburst, "I shall crush like flies anyone who tries to run a lamb against me. I shall crush that all the last, not a lamb."

Alliluyeva was shaken by the death of his wife, Alliluyeva, of which a circumstantial account is given.

Stalin's nerve equal to most stressors was shaken by the death of his wife, Alliluyeva, of which a circumstantial account is given.

Mosolina, a woman friend of Alliluyeva, had been exiled to the Urals. Alliluyeva protested and after a violent quarrel with Stalin, rushed out of their villa into the woods where eventually she was found lying on a rug in some bushes. Brought back by Stalin's henchmen, she swore she would commit suicide. Stalin then reluctantly agreed that Mosolina would be transferred to a more lenient concentration camp.

All went well until the police discovered that, in letters smuggled out to Alliluyeva, Mosolina was betraying secrets from her camp. Mosolina was executed.

When the news reached her, Alliluyeva telephoned to her husband: "That's enough, I'm picking up a revolver. I know you are capable of ordering Leon to send his men to seize me."

Stalin remained, powerful, autocratic and when the mood took him—hospitable, showing him the countryside, revealing what he had planted in his park for his two children (two foxes, a wolf, two bears, Mishka and Grishka, a camel from Kazakhstan, etc.) telling the story of the drunken worker at the Moscow Zoo.

Arranged for splitting on the comodile, the proletarian had retorted: "He's a bastard. He devours human beings and I am not even allowed to spit on him. What have we been fighting for?"

Very amiably, Stalin keeps a collection of compromising photographs of President Kalinin whose face had been slapped at a girl's hostel. "Not in vain," writes Litvinov proudly, "do we have a saying, As soon as a man's beard goes grey, the devil enters his heart."

Scandals—and photographs of this kind were among the commonplaces of Soviet high politics, as reported in these notes.

### Seances

More bizarre were the table-tapping "seances" held at Mme. Rorenzoff's flat. The spirits of Marx and Lenin were invoked. Asked for his political advice, Lenin recommended the dissolution of the Soviet regime. Mme. Rorenzoff faints. Litvinov suspected that the whole business was a trick of the secret police.

Stalin's nerve equal to most stressors was shaken by the death of his wife, Alliluyeva, of which a circumstantial account is given.

With tongue in cheek, he said, "In this sense, of course, the Russians do not possess soldiers, but only heavily-armed guardians of peace."

It is because of this, it is believed, that the book has been seized. Bookshops have been ordered to trace customers who bought the book before it was banned.

There is an official reason for seizing it. Say the Reds: "It demoralises people's ideas on armed forces."

**OLD, BUT GOOD FUN**

John Stone, 31, oldest city councilor of historic Canterbury, is looking for 23 special stones. They mark Canterbury's boundaries—one for every mile—and they will be needed in September, time of the historic "boating of the bound" ceremony, when the local Councillors face all who would challenge the boundaries of their city.

Mr Stone, who will be "Marshal" of the ceremony, is the only man who ever vaguely remembers the whereabouts of the stones. He has visited them six times already, at every ceremony since 1895.

Canterbury's Mayor Dawson explained the form of the ceremony: "We walk a good 15 miles all told. But there's beer to refresh us, and a picnic lunch. Last time we didn't even finish the course, and had to go on next day."

"The Marshal shows us the way, making sure we don't trample on any crops that haven't been harvested. And when we get to each stone, some of us—the lighter ones—are bounced up and down on it by the tougher ones."

"They don't tackle me very much—I weigh 14 stone."

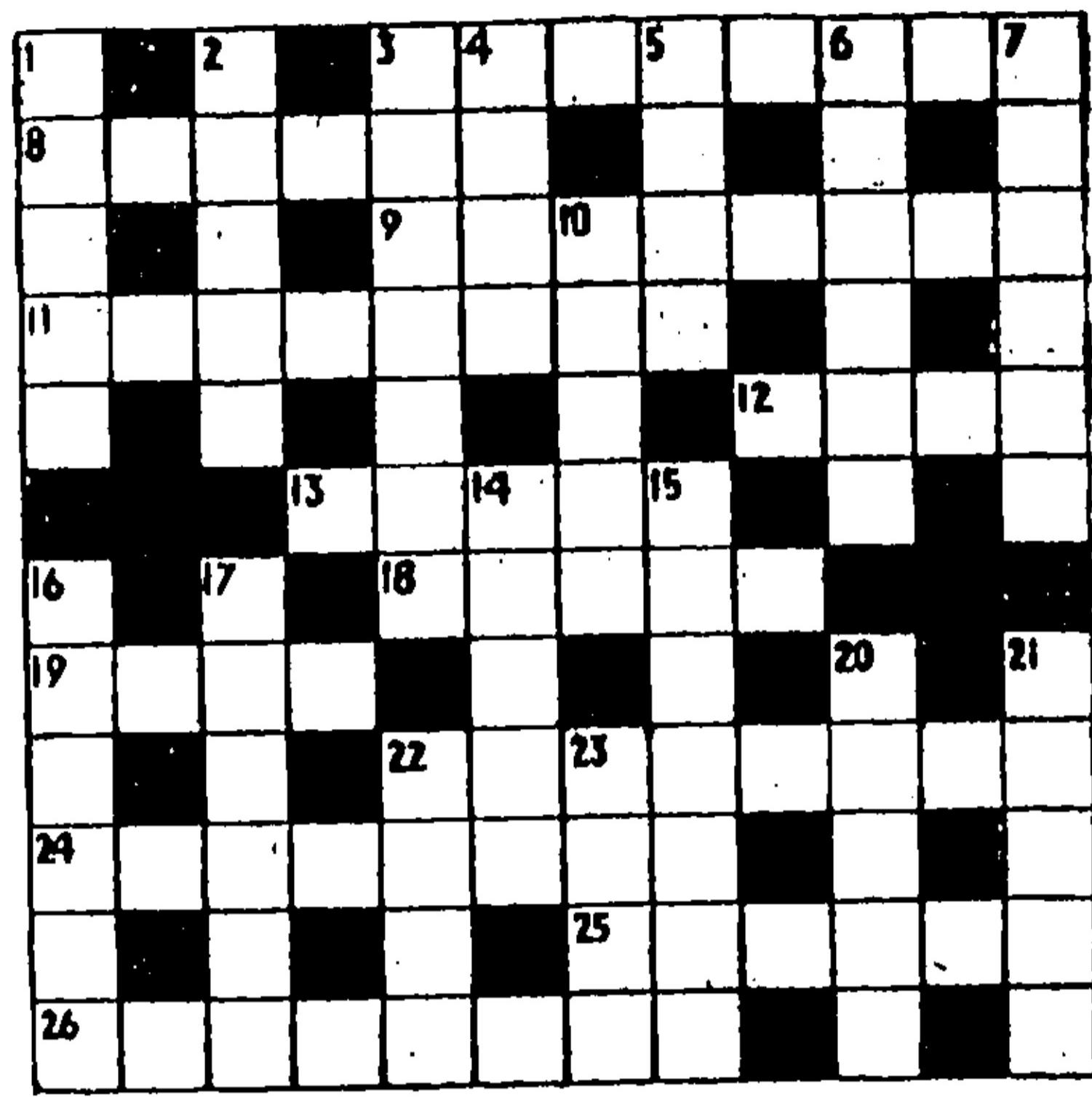
It seems there is a gang, a well-organized gang, at that which operates during the spring, summer and autumn, but Mayor Dawson had to admit takes time off in the winter.

The police have a theory that the cubs have been taken across the North Sea by fishing vessels.

The dog and the snake fought till both were dead, but in the commotion, said Stefan, the guards forgot the search.

And still clinging to the underside of the coach, Stefan continued his journey to freedom.

### A British Crossword Puzzle



#### ACROSS

- 3 Smashes (8).
- 8 Tell (6).
- 9 Said again (8).
- 11 Bulging (8).
- 12 Press (4).
- 13 Scatter (5).
- 18 Ancestors (5).
- 19 Greedy (4).
- 22 Fated (8).
- 24 Judgment (8).
- 25 War-beet (8).
- 26 Reserved in speech (8).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD ACROSS: 1 Lettered, 7 Purse, 8 Almonds, 10 Incur, 13 Customs, 15 School, 17 Letters, 19 In, 20 Held, 21 Replete, 20 Needful, 21 Alphabet, 23 Post, 24 Water, 25 Down, 1 Optical, 25 Pardon, 26 Tame, 27 Ripple, 28 Dashed, 29 Temper, 30 Murse, 32 Atoll, 34 Sarcasm, 35 Stale, 36 Oracle, 38 Phrase, 39 Alewife, 40 Pests, 23 Edges, 24 Edits, 25 Etina.

#### DOWN

- 1 Container (5).
- 2 Blize up (5).
- 3 Difficulties (7).
- 4 Take notice (4).
- 5 Rank (4).
- 6 Complete (6).
- 7 Unexpected (6).
- 10 Might (5).
- 14 Mature (5).
- 15 Occidental (7).
- 16 Kin of hound (6).
- 17 Alfresco meal (6).
- 20 Massage (5).
- 21 Perfect (5).
- 22 Dextrous (4).
- 23 Blotch (4).

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

### Yours Truly

## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**DOESN'T** Paris police told he didn't know—or how far exist widow Madame back it all dated. "It's very Marcelline Marne old," he kept repeating, "and it's good fun."

**RED** Secret police have searched bookshops in faces East Germany and seized all remaining copies of a book of anti-military cartoons poking fun at the army. It is called "Discipline is Everything: A Contribution in Self-defence by the Last Remaining Civilian."

The artist is Kurt Halbritter, a well-known West German cartoonist, and it was sent to the East from the West. In a two-way cultural and literary exchange recently agreed between the two Germans.

It is a bitter and sometimes brilliant attack on German militarism and remilitarization. The Reds seized on it as propaganda against the new West Germany army.

They even printed, under licence, 30,000 copies. Too late did they notice a satirical reference to the Red Army. It is contained in the foreword by Werner Flindt, a well-known West German satirist.

With tongue in cheek, he said, "In this sense, of course, the Russians do not possess soldiers, but only heavily-armed guardians of peace."

It is because of this, it is believed, that the book has been seized. Bookshops have been ordered to trace customers who bought the book before it was banned.

There is an official reason for seizing it. Say the Reds: "It demoralizes people's ideas on armed forces."

**STOLEN** Mink cubs have been disappearing mysteriously from farms all over Jutland. Altogether between 5,000 and 10,000 cubs have been stolen in the past two years.

The flying squad of the Danish police has a special team working on the thefts, but not one cub has been recovered despite energetic searches in Denmark, Sweden and Germany.

The Danish-German frontier is under constant watch. There seems hardly a chance that the valuable animals have been moved that way.

The police have a theory that the cubs have been taken across the North Sea by fishing vessels.

The dog and the snake fought till both were dead, but in the commotion, said Stefan, the guards forgot the search.

And still clinging to the underside of the coach, Stefan continued his journey to freedom.

In June alone some 600 mink cubs disappeared from farms in Jutland. It is thought that members of the gang have established mink farms somewhere in England.

Meanwhile, police in England and Denmark are on the lookout for the thieves.

**POLL** A new craze—that of CRAZE taking public opinion polls—is spreading through West Germany. The polls cover every conceivable subject from how many eggs the average chicken lays to how many sleeping tablets businessmen consume compared to film stars.

The latest poll, just announced by the government, analyses the early (or late) rising habits of West Germans. First to get up are the farmers. Next come the workers (at 4 a.m.), followed in the cities by the factory workers who are the first to rise. Roughly one-fourth of them get up at 5.30 a.m.

Next come the white-collar workers between 6 and 7.30 a.m. Finally the "independent professions" at 10 a.m.

**AID FOR SITTERS** The life of the baby-sitter in Midland city of Nottingham is being made easier by a businessman with a voice recorder. After Louis Duchemin cut a record of his own voice admonishing his children for misbehaving. Next time the sitter gets into difficulties, he simply turned on the record player and the kiddies calmed down.

The idea has caught on. Duchemin, at his studio, has been swamped with requests from parents eager to make night life easier for their sitters. Duchemin, the father of five, records parents' voices for about ten shillings for one minute on each side of the record.

**ESCAPE** Stefan Baricic, fugitive from Yugoslavia, reached Vienna recently—and said a horned viper, the Balkan's deadliest snake, helped him escape.

Baricic planned to flee across the border hidden in the undercarriage of a railway coach.

But he knew frontier guards with dogs searched every train before it crossed the border. So he took the snake along with him, and released it when a dog discovered his hideout.

The dog and the snake fought till both were dead, but in the commotion, said Stefan, the guards forgot the search.

And still clinging to the underside of the coach, Stefan continued his journey to freedom.

**PAMPERED** A fruit marketing firm in East Malling, England, is pampering the British palate by making sure that the strawberries they sell have been pre-treated for aroma, texture, sweeteness and acidity.

The research centre of the Kent Incorporated Society have established a panel of 24 adults who taste and categorise the strawberries before they are sold.

Panel members are asked to assess the general acceptability of each strawberry, taking into consideration the factors of texture, aroma and flavour.

They are then asked to grade them by numbers from one to five, with the blue ribbon going to five.

The researchers have even taken the human factor into consideration. Members of the panel have been broken up into those with a sweet tooth, those with a taste for sharp things, and smokers and non-smokers.

The results, officials say, have balanced out pretty consistently.

**CUCUMBERS** Cucumbers helped ease East-West tension a little recently. During their tour of Britain, a Russian agricultural delegation were astonished to find that most British cucumbers were grown in hot-houses.

"We grow cucumbers in the open under far worse climatic conditions," one member of the delegation said.

So the art of growing cucumbers outside will be the subject of an exchange of information between Britain and Russia.

**STATE** Police have given up trying to translate American jazz vocals into their own language. When the newly-formed state jazz orchestra goes on tour in October they will sing French and English songs in the original language.

The orchestra will give concerts all over Poland with works by Gershwin, Duke Ellington, and Harry James.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

# Broadcast To People Of Hongkong By The Secretary Of State For The Colonies

At 7.30 this evening, the Right Honourable Alan Lennox-Boyd, P.C., M.P., will broadcast to the people of the Colony. The Secretary of State's talk will be simultaneously carried by both English and Chinese programmes, and will be followed on the Chinese programmes by a Cantonese translation.

On Wednesday evening at 9.30, the Hongkong Stage Club presents "Flight to World's End", a radio adaptation of a story by Gerald Kersh. The play concerns the adventures of an orphanage boy who learns, painfully, just how unreliable and selfish grown-ups can be.

*The boy, Henry, is played by 14-year-old Jean Turner whose voice is heard on the radio for the first time, and other leading players include Audrey Mendes, David Jones, Robert Farnley-Whittingstall, Glen Armstrong and Dreda Holman.*

With the sole exception of Prudence Howe-Evans, the cast consists entirely of new members of the Stage Club. The play is produced by Janet Tomlin.

## MOTORING MAGAZINE

This month's issue of "Motorling Magazine" features a new procedure road testing. The panel were working on the M.G. Magnette, and they took a portable recorder with them and recorded their immediate impressions with the car driving over beside them.

As in the last Paul Lutay, an American connoisseur who has owned some of the most beautiful motor cars in the world, talks about some of them in the series "In Tertaining Cars I Have Owned".

The Brain Trust this month is discussing, among other things, Hongkong's one-way traffic, Motor Racing, and their three favourite cars. "Motorling Magazine" is on the air on Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.

## RECITAL

Two artists already well known to music lovers in the Colony for their work with the Simphonie Orchestra, Cheng Chung-tai and Chiu Yee-hin, will give a recital from the Concert Hall at Radio Hongkong on Wednesday evening.

Cheng Chung-tai is the leader of the 2nd violin in the Sino-British Orchestra, and Chiu Yee-hin was the soloist in the performance by the orchestra of Mozart's Concerto No. 23 in A major, K. 467, last week.

The work chosen by Cheng Chung-tai and Chiu Yee-hin is Brahms' Sonata in G major, Opus 78, and it can be heard at 8 p.m. on Wednesday.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 900 kilocycles per second and on 3940 kilocycles, 70.14 metres.)

## Today

12.30 p.m. **MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK**. NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 **LUNCHTIME MUSIC**. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.

2.00 **TELEVISION**. DANCE ROOM, WITH SYDNEY THOMPSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

2.30 **ARTIST IN RHYTHM**. SAM KENTON and his Orchestra. Come along and dance! Fantasy Opus in Pastels. Artistry in Performance! Ain't no misery for me! Safranak! — All will weep for me! Party in Bonn! — There's a Small Hotel Shadow Waltz.

3.00 **STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS**. Presented by Rosemary.

4.00 **STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE**. Presented by Evan Rayment.

4.30 **THE BRIDE OF LAMMIKIN**. By Sir Walter Scott. Part 4: The Prisoner of Ravenwood.

5.00 **LITTLE CHRISTIANITY**. FAVOURITES FROM THE FILM (BERLIN). WITH Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye.

5.30 **NIGHTS AT THE BALLET**. Orchestra of the "Concert Colonne" cond. by Daniel.

Casta Noisette (Nutcracker) (Tchaikovsky); The Blue Bird (Tchaikovsky); The Black Swan (Tchaikovsky); The King and I Selection, Quicksilver Fox-trot, etc. Stewart (piano) and his Music.

6.00 **TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY**. PRESENTED BY LINDA.

6.00 **STUDIO: UNIT REQUESTS**. Presented by Linda. Calling: H. Q. 72 L. A. A. Regt.

7.20 **TOM JENKINS AND HIS PALM COURT ORCHESTRA**. If my songs are now winged; etc. Gershwin, etc. etc. etc. Paris! Mol d'Amour. Mazurka de Concert; Meditation; Melodies de British.

7.30 **STUDIO: THE RIGHT HON. A. LENNOX-BOYD, E.C.** Secretary of State for the Colonies.

7.40 **THE WEEK**. News, reports and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong.

7.45 **WEATHER REPORT**.

8.00 **TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY)**. THE EDITORIALS.

8.09 **TIME SIGNAL AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS**.

8.15 **EVENING STAR**. LICKERISH CONCERTO. FORCES' FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).

9.40 **TIME SIGNAL**.

9.40 **REPORTS CAVALCADE**.

Presented by Nick Kendall.

10.00 **TAKE YOUR PARTNERS**. Walking My Love and Devil—Jan Conductor and his Hallroom Orchestra; I need you now—Eddie Fisher and his Orchestra; Papa, love member Party. Come (vocal) with chorus & orchestra; The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane; And the Raindrops (vocal); The Huge Winterhalter's Great Coat; your bleeding instead of

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8.15 SONG FROM OPERA.  
8.15 SONG FROM THE WEAVER'S (Why ask me?) (from "Werther") (Masenoff)—Nicola Gedda (tenor), with the Philharmonia Orch. cond. by Alceo Galliera. Note: "I am not the boy" (from "Home and Juliet") (Gounod)—Franz Waxman conducting the Los Angeles Orchestral Society with Jean Raymond (soprano) and Raymond Manion (tenor).

8.30 RODNEY STONE.

A serial in seven episodes, by John Sturges. Conan Doyle. Dramatised by David Stringer. Part 7: The Discovery.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL.

9.00 SUMMER CONCERT.

Holland Festival 1954, 125th Anniversary of "Toekunst".

Symphony No. 9 (G. Mahler).

Soloists included Rotterdam Chorus and the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Eduard Flipse.

10.15 FROM THE WEEKLIES (RE-LAID DOWN).

10.45 APPOINTMENTS. WITNESS.

Berwick, Mrs. Joyce; Autumn Leaves; The Girl Who Played with Hugo Winterhalter's Orch. and Orchestra.

10.55 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 TIME SIGNAL. RADIO NEWS-REEL (LONDON RELAY).

11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

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9.00 SUMMER CONCERT.

Holland Festival 1954, 125th Anniversary of "Toekunst".

Symphony No. 9 (G. Mahler).

Soloists included Rotterdam Chorus and the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Eduard Flipse.

10.15 FROM THE WEEKLIES (RE-LAID DOWN).

10.45 APPOINTMENTS. WITNESS.

Berwick, Mrs. Joyce; Autumn Leaves; The Girl Who Played with Hugo Winterhalter's Orch. and Orchestra.

10.55 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 TIME SIGNAL. RADIO NEWS-REEL (LONDON RELAY).

11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

## Friday

ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
7.00 AM TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.

7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.

7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.20 TOP OF THE MORN.

7.25 TIME SIGNAL AND ROUND.

7.30 TIME SIGNAL AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

7.40 MUSIC IN THE AIR.

## SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

# TWO VITAL POINTS WERE RAISED BY THE PRESIDENT AT HKFA MEETING

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Now that the Annual General Meeting of the Hongkong Football Association is over and the office bearers for the ensuing year have been duly elected the football public will look forward to positive action in resolving the various problems that confront them.

Contrary to what was stated to be his own desire, but in accordance with the pre-meeting opinion of 'well informed circles,' Mr C. S. Wang was re-elected to the Chairmanship and his intimate knowledge of the current situation should be of the greatest assistance to the Council and the various committees when they are formed.

There is not one honest member of the football community in this Colony who will not endorse the presidential comments of Hon. Kwok Chan regarding untoward incidents on the field of play.

His direct appeal to club officials must not be allowed to go unheeded for it should never be forgotten that the conduct of a player during the course of a game is a sure reflection of the attitude of the management who sent him out in their clubs.

Human nature being what it is, the isolated show of resentment or the temporary indiscretion coming in the heat of the moment can be understood, but when such characteristics begin to make regular appearances it is up to club officials to take remedial action.

The 'temperamental star' who is lauded and fussed over; whose every indiscretion is sympathetically explained away; and whose own provocative action and tactics are persistently condoned; lends club as well as player into disrepute.

Club action is far more laudable than the adoption of the attitude that things on the pitch should be left to the referee to sort out. Larrickism is all too easily born, but even from its embryo rowdism and hooliganism develop quickly.

## A CHALLENGE

The President's exhortation is timely, necessary, and a challenge to the less conscientious officials. For the lasting good of this great game of football one can only hope that it will not be disregarded.

I could not help but feel some satisfaction in the Hon. Kwok Chan's references to Tom Sneddon. What he said on this matter badly wanted saying by a top ranking official of the Association.

There is not a club playing under the aegis of the Association that cannot gain from Mr Sneddon's assistance and, provided it is clearly understood that tactical discussions are out, there need be no suspicion.

It is easy to understand the doubts that can exist if the same coach is closely connected with the internal working of several teams. I believe that such an attitude is less than fair to Tom Sneddon because, if he was fully employed on his fundamental task of advising on how to get men fit and how to improve their mastery of the skills of the game, he would have little time or inclination to advise on club tactics.

## SHEER BALDERDASH

It is pretty certain that he has been asked in the past to give such advice but it is sheer balderdash to suggest that he would play the cloaked traitor and carry information about one team's tactical plan to another.

I reiterate that there are few players—however experienced—who cannot be improved in skill or in stamina, and if the employment of Mr Sneddon within that framework is encouraged and exploited, then the players, their clubs, and eventually the Association and the public must reap the benefit.

Later in the week the Hongkong Referees Association held its Annual General Meeting and once again the Chairman was re-elected, Mr L. G. Young. In resuming his place in the chair will no doubt have his own plans for implementing the parent Association's recommendation that every effort should be made to raise the standard of refereeing.

## POP



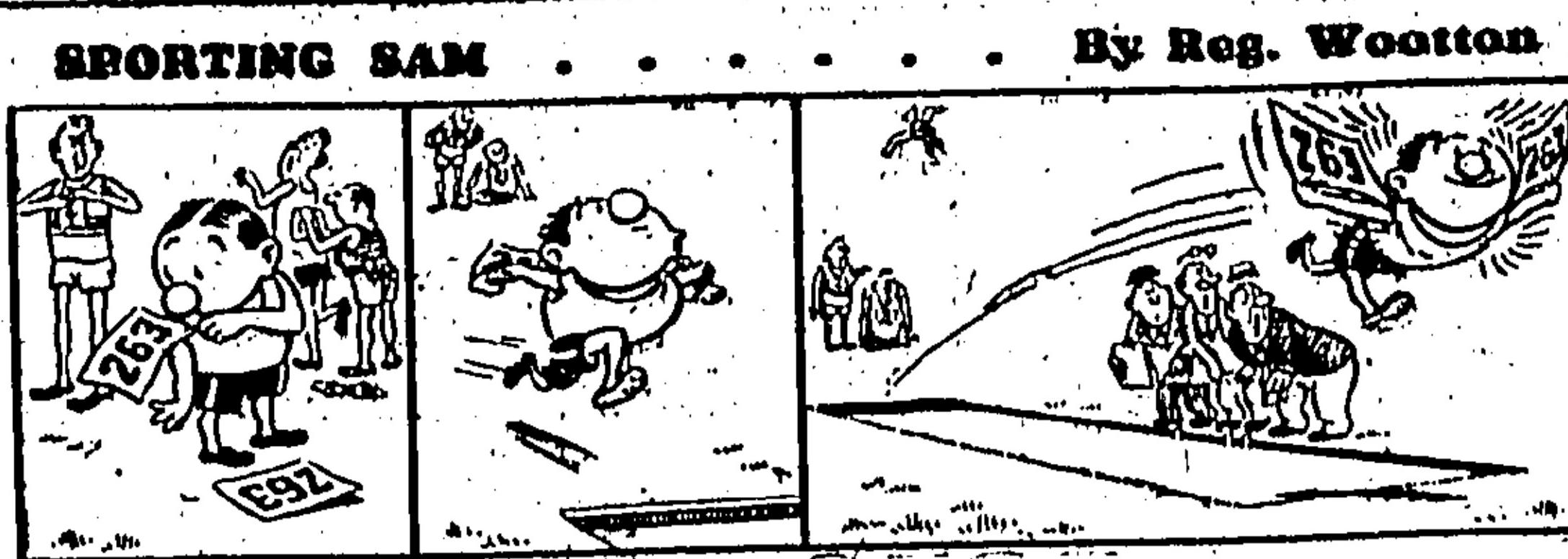
## POP



## POP



## POP



## LEAGUE BOWLS

## KCC—IRC Match Should Be The Best Of The Afternoon

By "TOUCHER"

No changes are expected in the relative positions of the top teams in the three divisions of the Colony Lawn Bowls League as another round is played off this afternoon.

First Division League-leaders and current Champions Recreio "Blues" will have Filipino Club as their opponents on their home green. In their first meeting, the Champions won decisively by 5-0. The only opposition came from L. S. Silva's four who extended C. E. Passos' four to a 19-22 score.

The play of the Filipino bowlers has slumped to such a vastly improved Recreio "Whites". They dropped one point in their first match when George Souza's four went down to A. A. Remedios and his men by 16-22. The Valley club has since reorganized its team, slightly for the better, but should probably still be unable to stop the plucky "Whites" from taking one point out of this match.

The "Blues" have made only one change to their regular team. A. Colaco comes into the Recreio twelve in place of A. M. Souza as No. 2 in Basilio Luz's rink. Only an upset victory by any of the Filipino Club fours can prevent the home team from collecting maximum points.

## TOUGHER FIXTURE

Second-placed Cralengowen, on the other hand, will have to fight very much harder than the Recreio "Blues" in their quest for full points against the

very start of the game!!!

I am not after picking an argument with anyone on this matter but the more one reads the precise wording of the amendment the more one might feel that there is an implied responsibility for the referee to satisfy himself that the Law is in fact being observed. . . from the very start of the game!!!

## Thank The Soccer Gods There Is Still A Stanley Matthews

Says ERIC NICHOLLS

Yet another soccer dish has been spoiled. The combined selection committee got together to cook up some sweet meats for the Great Britain versus the Rest of Europe match in Belfast on August 13. They made a hash instead.

The selectors, who seem to possess the ability to drop clangers with the same remarkable regularity that Rocky Marciano drops misguided opponents, have obviously decided on a "let's be pals" policy for this all-important game.

The result is that instead of putting the best eleven footballers on show, a hodge-podge team, with places shared out between the Home countries, very nicely thank-you, will take the field against the best Europe can offer.

It is not good enough. If this is an indication that the some middle-headed mismanagement which has handicapped British soccer affairs in the past is to continue into the 1955-56 season, then the time has come for a few resignations to be tendered.

Joe McDonald of Sunderland has never appeared for his country—Scotland—is an international. Yet he is given the left back position,

## BRIGHT YOUNG STAR

Footballer of the Year, Don Fagan finds himself on the trainer's bench in reserve. And veteran Billy Liddell is given preference at outside left over

a bright young star as Chelsea's Boy Blundstone.

And where is Sunderland wizard Len Shackleton? Out in the cold, cold nowhere!

But it's the Welsh who have most reason to cry out. They will raise their voices to the skies, but not, I feel, sing praises, at the astounding

## THE TEAM

Name	Club	Age
Jack Kelso	(Arsenal and Wales)	24
Peter Sillett	(Chelsea and England)	22
Joe McDonald	(Sunderland and Scotland)	25
Danny Blanchflower, captain	(Spurs and Ireland)	26
John Charles	(Leeds and Wales)	23
Bert Peacock	(Celtic and Ireland)	40
Stanley Matthews	(Blackpool and England)	20
Bobby Johnstone	(Manchester City and Scotland)	27
Roy Bentley	(Chelsea and England)	30
Jimmy McIlroy	(Burnley and Ireland)	27
Billy Liddell	(Liverpool and Scotland)	38

# A TEST TEAM SHOULD BE PICKED FOR THE PRESENT RATHER THAN THE FUTURE

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

I have news for you from Australia. My old cricketing friends over there are chuckling their heads off.

Why? Because they fully intend to take those Ashes back home next year and they see hope for themselves in the troubles the British selectors are having with their England team.

In England's inability to find the right batting talent to provide a consistent opening pair and to build up consistently high scores, they see England's real weakness—and their own chance for a handsome triumph in 1956.

The Aussies will have this thought of too. And thought make the big jump from County cricket. I don't know. But he has certainly done enough in recent years to justify consideration. In this emergency I can assure you he would be a long way from being the worst prospect for England.

Why not, for instance, call on Jack Robertson of Middlesex's much-needed opening bat? Jack, who will go down in the records as one of the unluckiest Test players ever, made a century when he last played in a Test match in this country!

That was against the New Zealanders. And he hasn't been picked since. In his last Test abroad—in India—he hit 77 and 50. And his complete Test average as a batsman is around 44 or 47. Not many players with a record like that can have been dropped so abruptly. England could have done worse than recall him now.

## YORKSHIRE PLEASED

Another good opening batsman still around is Derbyshire's York-born Arnold Hartley. He plays most of his innings on the lively Derbyshire wickets but he still scores steadily in a side not over-blessed with good batsmen. He isn't a flashy player; he is solid, sound, safe. But he has tremendous power when he wants to cut loose and he can make shots to most parts of the ground whenever he feels like it.

## Harry Storer, Iron Man Of Soccer, Knows What He Wants And Gets It

The indignity of Third Division football is upon famous Derby County for the first time, and the man they have engaged to restore them to their former greatness is Mr Harry Storer. They could hardly have made a better or more shrewd choice, for Mr Storer is a man who knows what he wants and generally gets it.

Harry is the Iron Man of Soccer. He manages in the same uncompromising manner as Wilf Copping used to play. He was a success as manager of Coventry City and Birmingham City; there is no reason why he should not be equally successful with the club for whom he once played.

As a player Harry was of the era of Jackie Whitehouse, Bert Olney, Sid Plackett, Harry Thom—and they were stern opponents, as the great Frank Barson will always testify. Storer got two England "caps" against France in 1924 and Ireland in 1928—and he also played cricket for Derbyshire.

On the walls of Derby County Boardroom are photographs of all the players who have won international honours while with the Club. It is an awe-inspiring collection and I guarantee that Storer, Third Division or no Third Division, is determined to add to it. He will bring a relentless regime to the Basford Ground but it will be a fair one.

Harry's slogan to the players has always been: "I will always do the best for your welfare; in return I expect you to be 100% fit to play 90 minutes all out every match." He did it himself when he was playing; he once belonged to it from others under his control.

Storer is a grand "reader" of a game who can pick out the weaknesses and strengths of

both his own side and the opposition immediately, then exploit them. If anyone can pull Derby back to the Second Division and then the First it is he, but the players under his command will have earned their money by the time they have done it.

## COACHING HINT

For a bowler, the run-up to the wicket is a vital indication of his quality. He should be able to carry this run out blindfolded. He should have it so neatly tied up that he needn't concentrate on it at all but be able to think entirely about the spot on the pitch at the other end where he intends to land the ball.

A good run-up should be long enough to obtain maximum balance and momentum at the time of delivery. Yet it should be as short as possible to conserve energy. If you are a bowler, get your run-up right.

## THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS . . .



## CONGRATULATIONS FROM MOTHER AND WIFE



Donald Campbell's mother (left) and his wife (right) drink toast to his new world mark after he had beaten the world water speed record at Lake Ullswater last Sunday in his turbo-jet boat, Bluebird, averaging 202.32 miles an hour in two runs across a measured kilometre.—Agence France-Presse Photo.

## HEADLINE SPORTSMAN

### Eddie Firmani Can Score Goals And Prevent Them With Equal Efficiency

From a "semi-detached" in London South East to a luxury flat in Genoa's Millionaires Row; from a maximum £15 a week to a cool £150 each pay day, with liberal bonuses thrown in.

Such is the luck of Eddie Firmani, 22-year-old South African inside forward transferred last week from English Cinderella Club Charlton Athletic to money spinning Italian club Sampdoria for £35,000, a record fee in British football.

Playing on the Riviera instead of at the Valley, he was one of the top scorers in the English League—despite being absent through injury for number of matches. Play him at full back, as Charlton have done quite frequently in the past, and he is one of the finest defenders in the business.

Yes, this Firmani is a useful man to have around. He started his football as a schoolboy centre forward in his Capetown suburb. That was where he and inside forward Stuart Leary, were spotted by Charlton chief Jimmy Trotter.

The shrewd Mr. Seed arranged for both to come to England and the Valley as soon as their school days were over. Firmani was converted into a full back, Leary to centre forward.

Last season, apart from occasional appearances at full back, when Eddie was needed to bolster up a sagging defence, Firmani was at inside left with Leary. In the other inside position.

It was confidently expected that Firmani would be chosen for one of the "Young England" intermediate internationals. Leary played against Italy the previous year, but the FA apparently sticking to their recent policy of bypassing South Africans even though there is no official ban—ignored his claims.

## JUSTIFIABLY UPSET

Firmani was justifiably upset. "Why?" he asked, "am I able to serve England as a National Service airman and yet not able to serve England football?" His wife, Patricia, 23-year-old daughter of Charlton's Assistant-Manager George Robinson is English, and his six month old son Paul was born in England.

Italian football bosses became interested in this young forward with the goal-kick. They watched him in League matches. Then the fight for his signature started.

## Frilled Panties Raise Basketball Attendance

Sydney. Frilled panties on the Wimbledon pattern, worn by women basketball players at Bathurst, sent up attendances of male spectators.

But they brought down the official wrath of the women's basketball controlling body which banned the wearing of anything other than "regulation" type under tunics.—China Mail Special.



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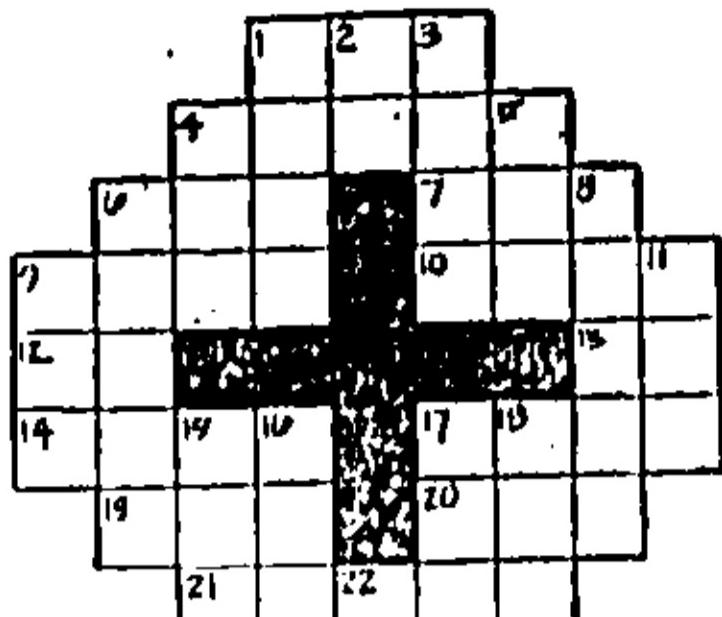
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# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

### CROSSWORD



### ACROSS

- 1 Income
- 2 Estate house
- 3 Wand
- 4 Fibre knots
- 5 Tardy
- 6 Redact
- 12 Proposition
- 13 Negative reply
- 14 Donate
- 17 Mimicked
- 19 Father
- 20 Legal point
- 21 Birds' homes
- 23 Numbers (ab.)

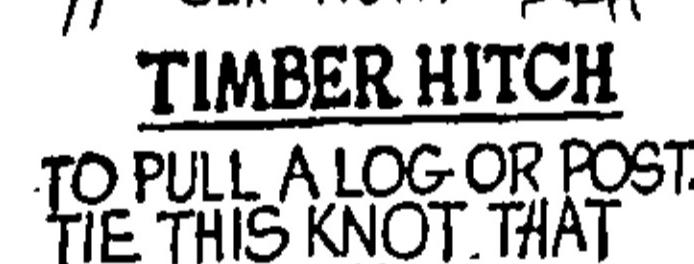
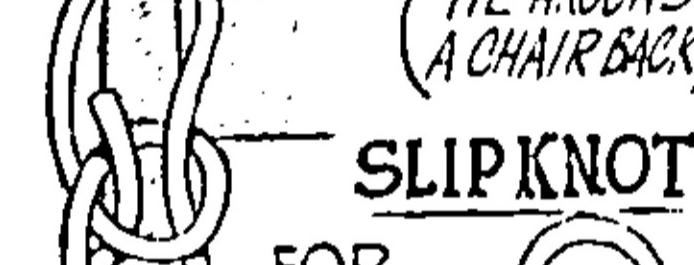
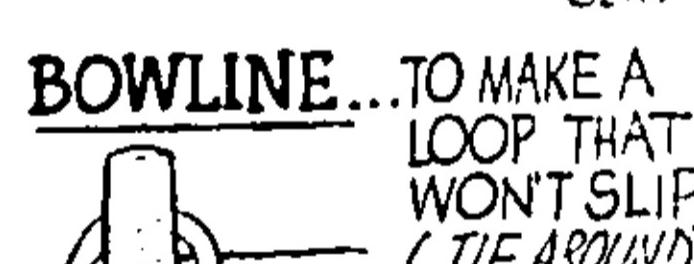
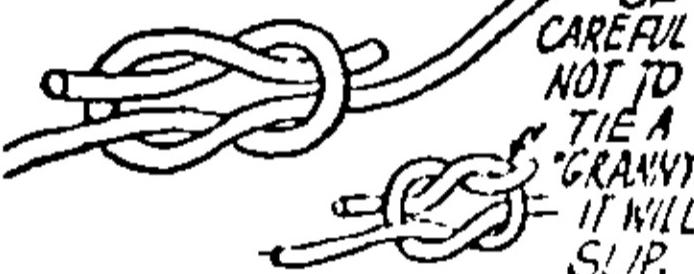
### DOWN

- 1 Created
- 2 Article
- 3 Finished
- 4 Witticism
- 5 Colour
- 6 Swift
- 7 Fir trees
- 8 Drag along
- 9 Fox
- 10 Mover's truck
- 11 Paradise
- 12 Crafts
- 18 Footlike part
- 22 Thus

### HOW TO TIE KNOTS

#### SQUARE KNOT

USE TO JOIN 2 PIECES OF STRING OR ROPE.



### ADD-A-GRAMS

Add a letter to "a body of water" and scramble for "social events"; tell someone "itter and terrible" for "poker stakes"; repeat for "to hurry"; add finally for "to punish."

### TRIANGLE

The Puzzlement has based this week's triangle on a DREAMER. The second word is "a suffis;" and "comper point"; fourth "a girl's name"; fifth "new, able vagus"; and sixth "landed property." Can you complete the triangle?

D  
R  
E  
A  
M  
E  
R  
D  
R  
E  
A  
M  
E  
R

### BEHEADINGS

Behind "a graph" and have "mats red deer", behind this don't have "craft", again and have an abbreviation for "right."

### WACKY COMPASS

When sculptor John Lacey undertook to make a mahogany wood bust of J. Fred Muggs, prominent TV personality, he didn't realize what he was getting into.

J. Fred was a picture of determined co-operation at first.

But soon he began to dabble in art himself and kept scrambling over to offer Mr. Lacey advice, examine his tools, criticise, admire—in short, to be anything but the perfect model.

As work progressed, so did Muggs' exhaustion and boredom—to the point of collapse.

In the end, however, art triumphed and Muggs happily mounted and sat astride his "other head."

## Broken Bits Make New Items

NEXT time you break a pretty dish or an ash tray, don't throw away the pieces. Instead, put them away in a special box and start adding other "oddments" to them, such as attractive odd buttons, good-looking stones from the back yard or beach, and single earrings that have lost their mates.

Once you have a large enough collection, you have the material on hand for making many pretty things, such as "different" vases, lamp bases, or candlesticks.

First, prepare the "junk" by breaking large pieces of chinaware and glassware into smaller ones. This can be done by wrapping each in a few thick-



nesses of soft cloth, then pressing down on it with the heel of your hand, or a heavy book.

### GAME WITH WORDS

Y is buried in each of the 18 words defined below, and it is the only vowel used.

Get these words from the meanings given. Of course they are all one-syllable words, since every syllable must contain at least one vowel.

The first answer is MYTH. Others not defined are BY and CRY.

Legend  
2. To soar through the air  
3. The empyrean  
4. A sacred song  
5. Bushful  
6. Woodland dryad  
7. A form of cocking  
8. To swindle or cheat  
9. Reguar movement or accent

10. A wild animal of the cat family  
11. In Greek myths, a river of the lower world  
12. Underground room or vault  
13. Lively  
14. Spirit of the air  
15. To kill unlawfully (by a mob)

16. One of the presents the Three Wise Men brought  
17. Colourless liquid in our bodies.

(Answers on Page 20)

Then, using a piece of coarse sandpaper, file away all the rough edges. Remove the metal shanks and "tips" on the backs of earrings, buttons and the like. Then pick over your loot, discarding all the bits that haven't extremely bright colours.

• • •

Your next step consists of finding a suitable bottle for your project. Cover it with putty, making sure that you apply it at least one-half inch thick. Then have fun pressing the decorations into the soft stuff until it's completely hidden. Arrange the objects with an eye for the prettiest effects. Then set your bottle in the sun to dry completely.

If what you want is a vase or a candlestick, your job is finished, since a narrow-necked bottle only needs to have a candle stuck in it, and a wide-mouthed one is all ready for water and flowers as is. However, if you're making a base for a lamp, make sure you've selected a narrow-necked bottle for the purpose, which will permit you to plug in the kind of connection that has a wire which is ejected from the side of the fixture. Then add your shade and you're all set.

(Answers on Page 20)

## Rupert & the Distant Music—24



The problem seems very simple. "What shall we do?" says Rupert. "I expect your daddy knows what to do," he says. "Why don't you take that pipe back to him and ask him to set us free?" "I simply dare not face him," says Tom, desperately. "I'd be no business to borrow the pipe," says Knarf. "All rights reserved."

"My goodness!" gasped Hanifil.

"In fact, I feel sorry for him."

"What did he do?" I'll tell you what he did," he darted forward and grabbed my leg in his hands. "It pinched. It hurt. I should let go of my leg, you silly old robin. I'm not a worm!"

"Right!" said Knarf.

"Then he and Hanifil went right out to dig up two fat worms."

"He certainly was a silly old robin," said Hanifil.

"Perhaps so," said Knarf to his sister. "But you promised not to be angry at him. After all, he was hungry. And I suppose that my foot and my leg did look like a worm. So I really don't blame him much at all."

"Neither do I," said Hanifil.

"In fact, I feel sorry for him."

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Page 20

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1955.

JOHN CLARKE'S  
CASEBOOK

## Down The Strand

THERE are many who go to great pains to cater for tired businessmen. There are theatres that open in the middle of the morning to jolt the sleep from their eyes, and clubs that stay open all night to brighten them up after the heavy labours of the day. After newly born babies, probably no section of the community is better catered-for.

The untired businessmen, contrarily, the community at large has little time, and less sympathy. There are times, indeed, when their vast energy may lead them into peril, as the case of Humphrey demonstrates.

BRISTLING

HUMPHREY strode into the dock at Bow Street with the air of a man who would consider himself to be slipping. If he put less than 90 minutes' work into every hour of his 20-hour working day.

A brisk man, but also, upon this morning, a man who was clearly bristling. For Humphrey wore, as well as an impeccably business-suit, and executive-weight horn-rimmed glasses, the look of one whose sensibilities had suffered outrageous affront.

"You are charged with being found drunk in the street. In the early hours of this morning," the learned clerk said to him, "Do you plead guilty, or not guilty?"

FANTASTIC!

"NOT guilty," Humphrey snapped, "Sit down and listen to me." "Preposterous," Humphrey said, and sat.

A police sergeant went into the witness-box, took the oath, and said: "At 12.35 a.m. this morning I saw this man staggering along the south side of the Strand. He bumped into several windows, and then he staggered to the edge of the kerb, and on to the roadway."

"I went up to him to ask if he felt all right, but his speech was slurred it was incomprehensible. His eyes were glazed, his..."

Humphrey exploded a burst of mirthless laughter. Through it he gasped: "What fantastic rubbish all this is."

IMPERTINENT

"I CAME to the conclusion he was drunk," the sergeant went on doggedly, "and took him to Bow Street, where he was arrested and made no reply."

"Do you want to ask the officer any questions?" the magistrate, Mr. R. H. Blundell, asked Humphrey.

Humphrey snorted. "The whole thing's an impudent farago of nonsense from beginning to end," he said.

"Questions," the magistrate reminded.

No.

"Then perhaps you'd like to tell me your story?"

PRESS-GANGED

"I'D simply gone out for a stroll," Humphrey said. "I live locally, you see. I was on my way home from my stroll when I was press-ganged by this policeman."

"He took me to the police station—and I must say I didn't expect to be kept there for so many hours. I was there, until 4.30 this morning..."

"Well, I've no reason to doubt that you were drunk," said the magistrate. "You must pay a fine of £5."

Humphrey said nothing. He turned and marched out, paid his fine, and strode off energetically into the morning, at just about the hour tired businessmen were filtering into the theatrical clinics provided for them.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

ABORETHOUGHT—Meller — Alice — Looking-glass — Mirror — Perfect — Ponder — Powder — Adder — Glass — Plate — Late — Tardy — Tarry — Linger — Ringer — Winger — Mangle — Angel — Angel — Seraph — Phrase — Colossal — Cornwall — Pirates — Perfidy — Cornwall — Larches — Parcels — Parcels — Perched — Dry — Dust — Rue — Moth — Cloth — Cloot — Blot — Landscape — Gardner — Pie — Pin — Money — SPIDER.

## APPEAL TO MOROCCANS

### Calm Necessary To Make Big Decisions

Rabat, July 29.

The French Resident-General in Morocco, Gilbert Grandval, told an Arab radio audience today that after three weeks in office, he has almost finished his initial fact-finding task and was ready to resolve the problems plaguing Franco-Moroccan relations.

Speaking over Radio-Maroc in French, with an Arab interpreter translating his words, M. Grandval observed that it was the first time he had spoken "directly and personally" to Moroccans.

He had now learned, "as freely and as completely as possible" the facts behind the problems, he said, asserting that it was now his duty to use all the authority vested in him to arbitrate these controversies, alleviate these apprehensions, and orient Franco-Moroccan policy, in the direction called by the will of our two peoples."

M. Grandval's broadcast came on the eve of the Arab festival of "Aid el Kebir" and he expressed the desire that this would be "entirely devoted to reflection, wisdom and prayer."

Canon J. Bezzant, Dean of St John's College, Cambridge, cleared the hideous pictures of hell must have issued from diseased minds. And much of the traditional imagery descriptive of heaven no longer seemed desirable.

"If hell offends, heaven bores," he told the conference of modern Churchmen.

"Purgatory and hell have now in effect been banished by the reformers, and we are left with little more than a sentimental notion that all who die are forthwith in paradise or heaven. This involves a conception of God so generally tolerant as to be misleading, indifferent and perverts the immortal hope from a moral and spiritual stimulant into a narcotic."

Canon Bezzant declared it would be better to say nothing of "spiritual geography and topography."

"There is no reason to suppose we know more about life after death than caterpillar on a leaf knows what it is like to fly in the air," he said.—China Mail Special.

Under the three-school plan, white and negro children, if they desire, may attend completely desegregated schools. But attendance at such a school would not be compulsory. Negro children could continue to go to negro schools; whites to the white schools.

Mr Sheppard said that another State district is planning to segregate by sex rather than by race, probably this autumn. Under that plan, white and negro boys would go to a boy's school together; white and negro girls to a separate girl's school.

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Mr Talbott told the Senate Investigating Sub-

Committee earlier this week that he gave a block of Chrysler Motors stock to his children and sold securities he held in such other firms as Electric Autolite and Standard Packaging.

He said the stock he disposed of has since appreciated some three-quarters of million dollars in value. The only stock he retained, he told the Sub-Committee, was that in firms having no dealings with the Government.

Mr Talbott, like the Defence Secretary, Mr Charles E. Wilson, was required before the Senate Armed Services Committee to confirm his nomination to rid himself of stock in firms having defence contracts.

EXPLANATION

Mr Kefauver said that Mr Talbott "should make a very full and detailed explanation of exactly what he did with his stock."

"I do not believe a gift of stock to minor children is the sort of divesting the Senate Armed Services Committee had in mind," Mr. Kefauver (Democrat) said. "It does not seem to me to constitute a severance of interest."

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### MAGAZINE DIFFERS WITH THE ARMY

London, July 29.

The tailoring trade today hit back at the Army which has recently been critical of some of the civilian clothes its recruits wear off duty. The trade magazine, Tailor and Cutter, authority on male fashions, commented on an Army order suggesting it was a "privilege" for a soldier to wear civilian clothing. It declared: "We would much prefer a state of affairs where a soldier felt that it was privilege to wear his uniform. At present the coarse, blanket cloth shapelessness of battle dress is hardly likely to inspire that nonchalance necessary to a gauche young man on date with a girl friend."

Inpiration for the article was an order by the Western Command Division of the Army with drawing walking-out passes from soldiers wearing "Edwardian" or "teddy" clothing—the stove-pipe trousers and velvet collar style which has become a badge of hooliganism in Britain.

Bobet will have all his men marking Brankart all the way over the final 142 miles (228 kilometres). The moment the Belgian attempts to break away from the pack two or more Frenchmen will sprint out to mark him.

In this battle of tactics they will trial him, lead him, then trim him to break his rhythm until he is finely picked back into the pack on an invisible band of elastic.

### Match Stopped

Milan, July 29.

The second singles match between Sweden and Italy in the final of the European zone of the Davis Cup tennis championships, was halted by darkness here today.

When the match stopped, Sweden's Lennart Bergelin was leading against Italy's Giuseppe Morlo by 1-0, 8-6, 8-6.

The match is to be continued tomorrow afternoon before the doubles match.

Earlier in the day, Italy's Fausto Gardini won the first match against Sweden's Sven Davidson by 6-4, 6-0, 3-6, 6-1 and 6-3—France-Presse.

Meanwhile, Bobet will be conserving his energy for the

overall team placings.

1. L. Bobet (France) 123 hrs,

50 mins, 47 secs.

2. J. Brankart (Belgium) 123

hrs, 55 mins, 46 secs.

3. C. Gaul (International) 124

hrs, 2 mins, 17 secs.

4. P. Fornara (Italy) 124 hrs,

3 mins, 31 secs.

5. A. Holland (France) 124

hrs, 5 mins, 46 secs.

6. R. Geminiani (France) 124

hrs, 5 mins, 46 secs.

Overall team placings

1. France (369 hrs, 14 mins,

47 secs).

2. Italy, 370 hrs, 1 min, 50

secs.

3. Belgium, 371 hrs, 8 mins,

24 secs.

4. Holland, 372 hrs, 20 mins,

11 secs.

5. Northeast, Central France,

373 hrs, 1 min, 5 secs.

6. Spain, 373 hrs, 51 mins, 8

secs.

BELGIUM Richard Van

Gemelich abandoned the race

during the stage. There are

now 69 riders out of the 130

starters left for tomorrow's

final stage to Paris.—France-Presse.

To co-ordinate the activities of voluntary welfare organizations, and to promote the knowledge and practice of social welfare work.

Information will be gladly supplied by the Secretary, Office: 403, China Building, Tel. 21706.

CHURCH NOTICE

ST. PETER'S CHURCH

The Missions to Seamen,

40 Gloucester Road,

Tel. 74221.

8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.

7.00 p.m. Evening Service.

(Other services arranged at any time by request.)

HONG KONG AIRWAYS LIMITED & JARDINE, MATHESON & CO., LTD.

Airways Department.

As from midnight Saturday,

the 80th of July, the

above named Companies will

be changed as follows:-

59101 — 64306

56635 — 64001

69802 — 60181

N O T I C E

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gaat niet door. Thans Zondag

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